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# THE CRESSET

Viewing the Polish Remains

Finland

The American Student

SVERRE NORBORG

Footnote to Eternity

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 3 NO. 3

*Twenty-five Cents*

# The CRESSET

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Volume 3 JANUARY, 1940 Number 3

THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

# NOTES and COMMENT

*Viewing the Polish Remains—Finland: The Story—Finland: The Lesson—Philosophy Looks at Business*

*By* THE EDITORS

## The Pacifist: 1940 A.D.

IN ANY war the role of the conscientious and consistent pacifist is to be pitied. What he has advocated during the years of peace must now be suddenly put into practice. Presumably the pacifist, if he is genuine, belongs to the long line of idealists who have brightened the history of the world and made the ordinary mortal seem too closely tied to the flesh. The pacifist believes that war cannot solve problems, that violence is never the solution of any difficulty between a group of nations. In war the pacifist must, logically, turn his belief into action by refusing to engage in the violent ways to which his country has committed itself. Inevitably he is involved in a conflict with his community. Either he will be jailed, shot, or be completely shunned by his fellow citizens as a menace to the community's welfare. Up till now English pacifists are still free, but no one knows when that freedom to object to war will be taken away from them.

There are times when one has a faint suspicion that martyrs have a tinge of priggishness and self-righteousness. Some cannot conceive the reasonableness of suffering or dying for a cause. C. E. M. Joad, the noted English philosopher, must have succumbed to such a feeling. Once a noted pacifist, Mr. Joad today considers the role of the pacifist from the viewpoint of reasonableness. Writing in a recent issue of the *Atlantic*, he urges that the chief duty of the

pacifist in a war is one of survival. The pacifist must be ready, when the tide of war-weariness sweeps over a nation, to exploit that war-weariness. He must urge terms of peace which are just and reasonable. Obviously he cannot do that if he permits himself to be led before a firing squad long before the nation's war-weariness becomes evident. The pacifist has also the duty of keeping alive the civilized sentiments of his community during war time; he must guard the nation's precious heritage of art, music, and literature.

And so philosopher Joad has taken work with the government during the time of this war. He is waiting for the tide to turn. When the hour of peace seems to be on the horizon, he will advocate a just peace.

We are still young enough to believe that Mr. Joad has let old age conquer his ideals. War should fill any man, Christian or not, with loathing. Above all, the Christian must persistently criticize war and its objectives. The Christian can be a pacifist, a concientious objector. He may even give his life for the belief that war is wrong. He may, finally, prefer death before a firing squad rather than help to continue a war whose ends could be achieved by peaceful means.

Mr. Joad, we thought more of you when you were an unreasonable pacifist. And if you feel you must survive, have you ever thought that a humorous pacifist is war's deadliest enemy?

## Economics: 1940 A.D.

THERE was a farmer who mournfully complained for years that his trees were bearing him such an avalanche of apples that he did not know what to do with them. Presently, however, he hit on a brilliant plan to reduce the calamitous size of the crop: he simply cut down a goodly portion of the trees. That helped. Yet, at that very time, he borrowed large sums to buy more land on which to plant more apple trees. And feeling that he could do better still, he spent time and money to devise a way so that people could get along on fewer apples. This farmer especially prided himself on the sweet reasonableness of his ways.

Yes, of course, you see right through this little parable. There is, after all, only one such farmer on the loose. Yes, that borrowing of money to plant more apple trees to cut down are the irrigation and reclamation projects in the West. And the next point? Well, maybe you haven't heard about that. You see, now the U. S. Department of Agriculture is col-

laborating with Cornell University in a detailed investigation of the soil minerals that affect plant growth. This is being done because they feel that, by learning just how to manipulate the minerals, they will be enabled to improve the quality and also the food value per unit of agricultural products, so that each apple, each potato, each egg, etc., will be more nourishing than now. That, of course, will be very wonderful because then smaller amounts of the foods will serve us, and we shall be able to pay larger bonuses to the farmers for raising still less and maybe reclaim still more land so as to get more farmers to pay bonuses to and—but you can now spin more of this thread to suit yourself.

## Science: 1940 A.D.

FOR a long time men have been wondering how they could convert to their use more of the enormous store of energy which is brought to the earth by the sunlight. Various types of solar engines have been developed to tap this energy, but none has so far proved practical. Now, however, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has entered on a long-time research program to devise a way of utilizing the sunlight that falls on the roofs of houses, for the purpose of heating and refrigerating them and possibly even supplying them with power. The first step naturally will be to capture the energy, and the second to conserve it; its use after that presents no difficulty. To catch the heat, it is proposed to devise "heat traps" on the roof, boxes with several glass covers which will permit the sunlight to heat water circulating through the boxes. Dead air spaces will keep the heat from radiating back into the air. The hot water will then be stored in tanks in the basement, for use as needed. The chief problem will no doubt be that of insulation. If the system can be sufficiently insulated, there is no reason why, on some cold winter day in the future, you should not say to your wife, "I'm afraid it's a bit cool for the children. I think I'll turn on the tank that I filled on that scorcher of a day last June."

## Viewing the Polish Remains

OF POLAND'S total population Germany got 18,000,000, as contrasted with Russia's 14,000,000. Of this population only 1,000,000 are Germans, 15,000,000 are Poles, and 1,500,000 are Jews. One should remember that this population now is a subjugated people, shorn of all citizen

rights, since there is no treaty granting at least legal rights to the conquered as did the Treaty of Versailles. History has turned back its clock to the time of Roman imperialism. What self-government there is, is such as can be revoked at any time by the Nazi rulers. The Poles have been reduced to serfdom under the German master race. From the Baltic provinces many thousands of Germans have been transported to Poland. The *West-Deutscher Beobachter* sums up the position in the words, "A strong, thoroughly German peasantry, conscious of its rights as masters, shall find a permanent home in this land." In the factories the natives are now given their hours and wages by the German Labor Service.

Things are worse in the Russian part of what was Poland. Here the entire population is being Bolshevized. The former land owners are being "liquidated"—this is done in the market place, with a pistol —or they are exiles in foreign lands with nothing but their clothing on their backs. The farmers have lost their animals, which were either commandeered by armies or killed, and are now compelled to join the Communists if they want to have machines to work their acres. Mr. Paul R. Leach, correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News,* says, "They will not be liquidated by bullets if they resist—they'll simply and more conveniently starve to death." The million and more Jews were mainly occupied in trade, and under the Soviet system there is no place for private commercial business.

The war against religion is going on apace. Roman Catholic and Greek orthodox priests have been "liquidated" on the charge that many Catholic priests with arms in hand tried to protect the capitalists' domination of the workers. The withholding of ration tickets from those who cling to their religion will no doubt be depended on in Russian Poland to destroy the church, be it by apostasy or by starvation.

## Finland: The Story

IT IS difficult to discuss calmly a horror such as the threatened wiping out of Finland as a nation through the overpowering weight of Russian numbers. For parallels one must go to the conquests of Mohammedan hordes and to the Thirty Years' War of three centuries ago. If there is a grain of comfort, it is the thought that while Suleiman and Wallenstein did not think it necessary to justify their policy of ruthless slaughter to any man, there is today a conscience of the world which even Stalin had

to respect. He felt that an excuse was needed for making war upon Finland. It is interesting and instructive to trace the "policy of artificial incident" which preceded the invasion.

On October 9, the Soviet Government asked if the Finnish Government "was willing to exchange opinions about political and economic problems." This happened when 20,000 Russian soldiers went into Estonia and 20,000 into Latvia. "Never Shall Our Land Bow Before the Foreign Tyrant," sang a crowd at Helsinki's station as the delegation set out for Moscow. The next day there was a report of a concentration of Russian naval power in the Gulf of Finland. Gas mask sales went up in Finnish cities. Russian troops were reported massing at the border. The stage was set.

The next incident was a violent campaign in *Pravda*, organ of the Communist party. Here is a sample: "We shall send to hell any and all maneuverers and we shall go directly toward our aims. We shall assure our safety and obtain our goal, crushing all in our way." Note the first hint that Russia's "safety" was involved. Then: "The Soviet Union not only has the right but is obliged to take measures to assure security of the sea and land approaches to Leningrad"—and the possession of certain islands was demanded as an important feature in the "peaceful negotiations and consolidation of friendly ties with Finland" which were the object of the meeting in Moscow—!

A few days later came the report that the Finnish delegation had not only declined the Soviet proposition but had "intensified its irreconcilability." Next the charge that Finnish army divisions were being increased at the border. Next the news that there was to be no support from Germany for the Finns against Russian aggression. The delegation went home. Newspaper fury was at a new high. At this time a Russian radio broadcast criticized Finland for failure to advise the Soviet Government in advance of meteorological conditions blamed for floods rising in northern Russia! The broadcast said the Neva river, which flows through Leningrad, was flooding "because of winds from Finland," and declared the Finns had failed to inform Russia of the situation as required by international convention.

Then the "Incident." Finnish troops were said to have fired on Russians across the border. This was denied by the Finns, and military observers in America declared that such an act, at such a juncture, was incredible, no possible motive being assignable for such reckless provoking of hostilities. This was the comment of Major

George F. Eliot: "The Russian story of the Finnish artillery ruthlessly firing into the peace-loving ranks of the Red army is really hardly worthy to rank with even its European predecessors, and causes one to wonder whether Russia's reputation for semi-orientalism should extend into the realm of intrigue or be confined to a stoical endurance of tyranny and an aversion to sanitary engineering." Major Eliot definitely terms this an "artificial incident," manufactured for the sake of justifying the invasion in the face of the outcry of horror which Russia had every reason to expect in Christian lands.

Aside from this single concession to the world's conscience, the rape of Finland must rank as one of the most inhuman crimes recorded in many years.

## Finland: The Lesson

THE invasion of Finland by Russia is the latest, and apparently not the last, in a series of unprovoked aggressions of stronger nations against their weaker neighbors whose familiar pattern is becoming a standardized characteristic of a large part of what was once known as Western civilization. The slowly mounting diplomatic pressure, the deliberately provoked border incidents, the blatantly distorted and consciously hypocritical flood of propaganda, the we-have-suffered-long-enough ultimatum, the overwhelming invasion and the setting up and immediate recognition of a puppet "people's government" has become a sickeningly familiar pattern.

There have been other wars before this in the history of mankind, many of them no doubt of an unspeakably cruel nature, but this is not another mere unleashing of primal passions. What makes this, along with its immediate predecessors, so terrible to contemplate is the fact that to a greater extent than ever God's most noble gift of human reason has been prostituted into a cunning service of primal selfishness. Reason was given to man in sacred stewardship as an instrument to apprehend his Creator and the infinite wonders of God's creation and thus to use for the mutual benefit of all fellowmen in the family of God. But here the one faculty which distinguished man from the animals is used for deliberate crimes and cunning cruelty of which no animal would be capable.

What makes the guilt mount up in such stupendous proportions is the heaped up heritage of history bequeathed to this generation of Western civilization. For man is a social animal and an intelligent animal, bound together in an en-

tity known as mankind not only with his fellowmen of this generation, but reaching back through all the generations of his physical, mental and spiritual ancestors upon whose accumulated experience he has built his civilization. This advantage over all our ancestors which our civilization possesses by virtue of our heritage carries with it a corresponding responsibility. To whom much is given of him shall much be required. When the totality of scientific knowledge and resources thus accumulated is pressed into the service of unleashed greed and cruelty against innocent fellowmen whose only crime is that they own a vineyard next to King Ahab's palace, such an action carries with it a corresponding guilt. When this is done deliberately, consciously, in the face of the pointed lessons of God in history to which this civilization is heir, and when this is done in hypocritical contravention to the standards of the civilization to which lip service is paid, then that deed carries with it also the heritage of the accumulated guilt of all such past actions in the history of mankind. More than a reckoning for individual and separate crimes is demanded by divine justice, for in our position, with our heritage and our knowledge, a cold-blooded reenactment of the crimes of previous generations, especially if it is smeared over with a hypocritical justification fabricated by a prostituted intellect, "allows" or sanctions all such previous acts and so involves a guilt that reaches back to the beginning. And so upon this generation comes all the blood shed from Abel to the last Finn killed sacrificing himself for his country's liberty.

For we are all in this together. There is nothing original in the observation that improved methods of transportation and space and time annihilating means of communication, together with the interdependence of world trade in the growing complexity of specialized industrialization, has brought the farthest countries closer together than were the original thirteen colonies in 1770. But we sometimes fail to realize the revolutionary implications that this is something new in the history of the world, for all this makes us, whether we like it or not, world-citizens, citizens not just of a small localized section of the world within what often prove to be very arbitrary boundaries, but of a world civilization of which we are an integral part. To deprecate but then take refuge in an indifferent isolationism is as shortsighted politically and practically as it is inadmissible spiritually. For we cannot arbitrarily accept the benefits and advantages of our common civilization without sharing in its re-

sponsibilities and its destiny, and in Europe and Asia today both the aggrieved and the aggressor are our fellow-men and fellow-citizens. It is the policy of extreme nationalism which today threatens our civilization and which expresses the basic lack of brotherliness and the selfishness that is at the root of all the world's evils, both individual and social. To take up arms is certainly not the only possible answer, but it is equally certain that an attitude of indifference and smug self-satisfaction is before God a wrong answer, carrying inexorably with it the burden of common guilt which it wishes to repudiate and ignore. Any attitude which does not agonize over the breakdown of our civilization, which does not actively suffer with the downtrodden and which does not stand uncompromisingly and steadfastly against every evil wherever it may appear cannot be called either civilized or Christian.

More and more the realization is forced upon one that our civilization has reached a turning-point in its history—and so has the Church. The world still exists and stands because of the Church, the body of Christ on earth. Whether this holocaust of uninhibited collective selfishness, culminating in "Finland's dastardly attack on Russia," presages the Decline of the West, or whether it may be turned into the birthpangs of a new co-operative internationalism, depends in the end on the attitude and strength and influence of the Church of God.

## Medico Acts Strangely

IT HAPPENED at Kansas City, Mo. According to Associated Press reports, Mrs. Agnes Gregory had swallowed some lye, burning her throat, when she was two years old. The burns healed and scar tissue formed, gradually closing the passage to her stomach. The last few years she could swallow only liquids and soft foods, and finally her throat became so constricted that she could not swallow liquids.

Then a staff physician at General Hospital had an idea and, as a result, Mrs. Gregory—now thirty-two—is able to eat a steak dinner as well as you and I. This is what the doctor did:

He got a handful of steel beads, ranging in size from a grain of wheat to a hickory nut.

Then he gave Mrs. Gregory one end of a silk string. "I want you to try to swallow this," he told her.

Mrs. Gregory did. The string acted as a guide for a fine steel wire which the doctor pushed down to her stomach.

Then the doctor slid a small

bead and a steel spring onto the wire. With the spring he propelled the bead down her throat, then another and another. They stopped on a tiny knot on the end of the wire. When several beads had gone down the wire, he pulled them up.

Over a period of 10 days he worked up to the larger-sized beads.

"Why," Mrs. Gregory said one day, "I can swallow better now than I have ever been able to."

This is the end of the story, to which, however, the press reporter added a statement which raises a little narrative of medico ingenuity to the rank of a major mystery. The reporter says, "The doctor asked that his name be kept secret."

Publicity agents of the dear folks in Hollywood, political campaign managers, and the public relations men of our universities will agree in the opinion that this Kansas City doctor not only "acted strangely" but, for all his professional skill and inventiveness, was definitely and indubitably insane.

## Philosophy Looks at Business

THE PHILOSOPHER in question is Bertrand Russell, whose rank as a mathematical genius was established years ago and who has written much in the field of metaphysics. Don't stop here, because what we shall quote from Russell's little known tract, "Icarus or the Future of Science," will interest you—if you are interested in business success as viewed by one of the world's outstanding philosophers.

Here is the place which Rivalry has in business according to Mr. Russell:

"Rivalry is, with most well-to-do energetic people, a stronger motive than love of money. Successful rivalry requires organization of rival force: the tendency is for a business such as oil, for example, to organize itself into two rival groups, between them covering the world. They might, of course, combine, and they would no doubt increase their wealth if they did so. But combination would take the zest out of life. The object of a football team, one might say, is to kick goals. If two rival teams combined, and kicked the ball alternately over the two goals, many more goals would be scored. Nevertheless no one suggests that this should be done, the object of a football team being not to kick goals but to win. So the object of a big business is not to make money, but to win in the contest with some other business. If there were no other business to be defeated, the whole thing would become uninteresting."

And now as to the strange paradox of success in business:

"It may be laid down as a general

principle to which there are few exceptions that, when people are mistaken as to what is to their own interest, the course they believe to be wise is more harmful to others than the course that really is wise. There are innumerable examples of men making fortunes because, on moral grounds, they did something which they believed to be contrary to their own interests. For instance, among early Quakers there were a number of shopkeepers who adopted the practice of asking no more for their goods than they were willing to accept, ininstead of bargaining with each customer, as everybody else did. They adopted this practice because they held it to be a lie to ask more than they would take. But the convenience to customers was so great that everybody came to their shops and they grew rich. (I forget where I read this, but if my memory serves me it was in some reliable source.) The same policy might have been adopted from shrewdness, but in fact no one was sufficiently shrewd. Our unconscious mind is more malevolent than it pays us to be; therefore the people who do most completely what is *in fact* to their interest are those who, on moral grounds, do what they believe to be *against* their interest."

## Greetings Up-to-date

AN ENGLISH newspaper informs us that the Christmas cards for the past holiday season had a very timely flavor. This black-out greeting verse was quoted as an example:

As in these darksome times we grope,
We still find time to send
A Christmas greeting in the hope
That bad times soon will mend.

A witty commentator added a few suggestions of his own that for the sake of variety might appeal to the long-suffering public far from the battle-line, but always subject to the discomforts connected with air-raid alarms:

When to the dug-out we depart,
And each with care descends,
We still can find it in our heart
To think of absent friends.

Or this:

The Christmas bells ring out in state
On this their annual morning;
Let's hope they don't obliterate
The siren's air-raid warning.

We might add a sentiment of our own to the above, one that may not be on a very high poetic level but that will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of neutral peoples:

Amid the news of war abroad,
My heart has joy within it—
May you join in the prayer too:
Thank God, we are not in it!

## Christianity and Economics

NOW and then an item appears in these columns on the status of economic affairs. Occa-

sionally some well-meaning reader writes in to say that such comments reveal a simplicity and lack of economic sophistication. The assertion is sometimes made in such comments, either outright or by way of implication, that the church and churchmen know nothing about economics and, therefore, ought to refrain from expressing opinions. If the assertion were true, we would be glad to accept such a suggestion, but, unfortunately for the critic, such assertions are not true. The fact is that such comment on economic subjects as has been offered in the columns of THE CRESSET has always been based on materials provided by professional economists and statisticians for whose service inquiring businessmen pay sizable sums of money. Hence, we have always been more than reasonably sure of any facts or figures.—But, beyond that, our readers ought to understand that the relationship between Christianity and economics is more than casual. Every worth while banker knows that a loan made on the basis of character is safer and better than one merely made on the strength of collateral. Every businessman knows that honesty, industry and soundness of character in himself, his employees, and in his patrons are essentials to successful business. Honesty, industry, thrift, and the sense of Christian stewardship lie at the bottom of any sound economic order.—Anyone who professes Christianity and does not recognize this relationship in his own life between his faith and his attitude in matters of finance or who does not understand the significance of Christianity for the underpinning of a sound economic system in state and nation has failed most sadly in making a practical application of Christianity to one of the important factors of everyday living. It is because of this we feel that THE CRESSET comment on economic subjects is always deserving of earnest consideration on the part of all who desire a better economic order. Such comment may seem simple; but for all of that, it is always profound because it is radical, that is to say, it goes to the very root of all economic evils which finally lie in the selfish and greedy heart of sinful man.

The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eye no tears.

—JOHN VANCE CHENEY

# The PILGRIM

*By* O. P. KRETZMANN

*"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"*
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

## Footnote to Eternity

AT THE end of another decade it is time to remember that the confusions of contemporary thought have touched also the relation of time to eternity. . . . Since life has become only a series of interruptions we tend to think more rarely of the final interruption with the hooded matters beyond it. . . . We have reduced our years in quality, though not in quantity. . . . The effect of the modern forgetfulness of eternity has been profound and disastrous. . . . When an occasional wayfarer states his conviction that the end of the road is only the last turn, he is accused either of seeking a way of escape from the inescapable problems of our three score and ten, or of being morbidly concerned with a problem which will become acute only when pain makes its customary appearance as the forerunner of dissolution. . . .

Neither criticism is valid. . . . One cannot live well by seeing eternity only in terms of escape from this world or in terms of death. . . . It is more than a door, either in or out. . . . Perhaps we think of it more warmly as the decades pass and time gets on toward twilight, but that is only another sign of the haunting insecurity by which we live. . . . For him who has found the meaning of life, ultimate and absolute, it dominates, controls, integrates. . . . It is the stethoscope for the human heart, the microscope for our little troubles, the telescope for the nebulae. . . . It is the thought of home for the man in a far country. . . .

Life does not become less important or less beautiful when it is considered a bridge between the eternities; in fact, only those who see it as such can really be concerned over making it as holy and glad as a bridge can be. . . . They use it and keep it in repair, but they build no house on it. . . . And as night falls over it, their lamps burn the brighter because soon

there will be no need of them. . . . Curiously—and until the end of time—men and women who live most completely there will live most fully here. . . .

## Footnote to History

DECEMBER 31, 1939. . . . The fourth decade of the twentieth century ends and the fifth begins. . . . The race may measure its time in figures of three and four digits, but the individual seldom needs more than two. . . . Though a mere space of ten years may not be important to the world, it is always an appreciable time for men. . . . To one who is seldom more than seventy miles from home, ten miles are a goodly portion of the way. . . . In the highest sense, of course, there will be only one decade or century which will really end. . . . Time is not a chain but a moving stairway which goes up or down no matter how often we may stop to look around. . . . Only the last step gives the full vision. . . .

Despite these necessary limitations, the turn of a decade may well serve as a doorway for pause. . . . Time to say farewell to the fourth decade of the twentieth century. . . . I imagine that there are few who will not be happy to say good bye. . . .

A few random notes for the historians of the year 2000 A.D. . . . You ought to call the thirties the decade of the Great Hangover. . . . It was a time of slow and painful recovery from the debauch of the twenties. . . . As always when people have a headache, we turned to innumerable quack remedies. . . . We found momentary hope in secular movements for social salvation. . . . In a review of the decade which was published serially in *Harper's* magazine at the close of 1939, Mr. Frederick Lewis Allen wrote that the thirties produced an unusual number of secular creeds: "Their common denominator was social-mindedness; by which I mean that they were movements toward economic or social salvation—whether conceived in terms of prosperity or of justice or of mercy—not so much for individuals as such but for groups of people or for the whole nation; and also that the movements sought this salvation not through individual conversion but through organized action.

"In political complexion the secular religionists ranged all the way from the Communists at one end of the spectrum to the more fervent members of the Liberty League at the other; they included the ardent devotees of technocracy, Upton Sinclair's 'Epic,' Huey Long's 'Share-the-wealth,' Father Coughlin's economic program, the

Townsend Plan, the C.I.O., and, of course, the New Deal." . . .

Some of the minor, though perhaps significant manifestations of the decade of hangover were the pathological interest in a card game known as Bridge, the phenomenon called "swing," and, on the credit side, the remarkable increase of interest in outdoor sports. . . . The era of prohibition ended on December 5, 1933. . . . With its demise we entered upon a more honest approach to the problem of alcohol, if not more moral. . . . Students of the contemporary scene also professed to see cosmic significance in the changes in feminine styles, especially in hats, which marked the second half of the thirties. . . . Again we quote Mr. Allen: "As for the hats of those same latter years, here the modern principle of standardized functional utility surrendered utterly to the modern principle of surrealist oddity. There were huge hats, tiny hats, hats with vast brims and microscopic crowns, hats which were not hats at all but wreaths about the head; high fezzes perched atop the head; flat hats, dinner-plate size, which apparently had been thrown at the wearer from somewhere out in front and had been lashed where they landed with a sort of halter about the back of the head; straw birds' nests full of spring flowers, hats with a single long feather pointing anywhere—but why continue the interminable catalogue of variations? It was characteristic of the times that a woman lunching at a New York tearoom in 1938 took the breadbasket off the table, inverted it on her head, and attracted no attention whatever." . . .

Obviously the most important event of the decade was the emergence of the undeclared war which had been lurking beneath the surface of European affairs since 1918 into open hostilities. . . . In 1939 they decided to make it official. . . . Europe, you may remember, was a part of Western civilization in the early twentieth century. . . . In 1939 our reduction of miles to inches and days to minutes made the propaganda which is always associated with war much more effective. . . . For the first time in its history America listened in as the Capitals of Europe embarked on one of their periodic fits of insanity. . . . Although this made neutrality more difficult, America, as the fifth decade began, was completely hostile to the idea of entering another European war. . . . As the fourth decade ended it was still the strangest war since Gideon. . . . Opposing armies stood in impregnable positions. . . . The only sign of war was the incessant roar of mines in the North Sea. . . . Some Americans believed that the recurring communiqué

"All quiet on the Western front" was a sure sign that war was phony. I hope that word is in your dictionary by now. . . . Probably not true. . . . Careful students of military strategy began to believe that it was possible that the horror of war had finally destroyed itself. . . . Attack and defense had reached an *impasse*. . . . It was the old story of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. . . . The opponents seemed to be coiled in such mortal embrace that neither could move. . . . War, at least in its 1939 version, was economic strangulation without the glamour and glory which had once made war palatable. . . . While this was one of the few hopes on our horizon it was entirely conceivable in 1940 that a civilization would die, not of conflict, but of attrition. . . .

You should know too that on December 31, 1939, the automobile was the epitome of our civilization. . . . Mechanically excellent, with higher speed, more gadgets, and greater comfort than ever before, it constituted the most lethal weapon in the hands of men and women whose moral and intellectual development had not kept pace with its mechanical achievements. . . . The machine had moved ahead of man. . . . We were able to build almost perfect cars but we were still unable to do anything about the men and women behind their wheels. . . .

What happened to man in this decade? . . . This is, after all, the heart of history. . . . For this question the Church alone held the answer. . . . For Christendom it had not been a happy decade. . . . The twenties had decided to give man a vague, weak God, and as a direct consequence man had become a vague, weak man. . . . A religion which seemed to be adequate enough for the twenties was not good enough for the thirties. . . . In America there were no marked increases in the membership of the churches and no great missionary crusades. . . . And yet there was something else in the spiritual life of the thirties which was heartening. . . . In this issue of THE CRESSET you will note that one of our younger philosophers called attention to one echo of this development. . . . Perhaps it was more promise than fulfilment, a time marked by waiting and preparing. . . . I can define it only as an uneasy stirring in the Church, a sense of huge dawns that lay before her. . . . As the decade closed, such phenomena as the liturgical movement, indicating a greater need for worship, increasing church attendances, a more intense devotional life on the part of many individuals, and endless discussions of religious and spiritual problems indicated that the Church was moving toward a new

day. . . . Here were a few cracks in the ice of our long winter. . . . Without wishful thinking, it was possible that the forties would see more clearly the divine hand beyond the red sunset of the thirties. . . . You, historians of the third millennium of the Christian era, will know if it was only a false dream. . . . We who are about to try again salute you. . . .

## Footnote to Life

MY SOMEWHAT careless habit of throwing garbage into the northeastern corner of my kitchen has finally resulted in company. . . . A mouse, grey, with steady eyes, has decided to live by the crumbs from my table. . . . For almost a month now he has been around and already I notice within myself a tolerant, even respectful, affection for him which I like to believe is mutual. . . . At first I had thought idly of setting a trap and putting an end to him, but that was merely because we were not accustomed to each other. . . . He had the bad habit of scurrying around my feet just when I had begun to understand what Thomas Aquinas meant by the univocal conception of being. . . . He disturbed me. . . . One cannot spin out a theory when it is already being lived by a mouse. . . . Now however he has begun to respect my moods and only an occasional stirring in the garbage pail indicates that he is going about his business while I go about mine. . . . We have found a *modus vivendi*. . . . Which is more than all Europe can say. . . .

Last night, while I was at the midnight lunch and he was sitting on the uninjured end of a tincan we discussed the problem of a name for him. . . . The conversation was thorough even though his only contribution was an occasional nodding of the head. . . . Apparently he had learned that silence is golden and that preachers do not like to be contradicted. . . . We considered "Hamlet"—but Hamlet did not know how to live and my friend does. . . . We thought of "Paras," which would be short for "Parasite"—but he gives me as much food for thought as I give him for muscle and bone. . . . Apparently he disapproved of that one especially. . . . When all the world is seeking to establish vertical relationships he wanted a horizontal friendship or nothing. . . . His exclusive interest in food and drink suggested Falstaff—but Falstaff was fat and my friend is thin, even a bit on the scrawny side. . . . We finally agreed—though in the agreement he played the part of Finland—that his name, until further conversations, would be Aquinas G.P. . . . Or in the full medieval manner,

identifying both person and place: Aquinas of the Garbage Pail. . . .

That name, we agreed, would be fitting both by comparison and contrast. . . . Aquinas is unclear at times and the mad meanderings of Aquinas G.P. seem to demonstrate that he also does not know where he is going. . . . Aquinas owed much to a past which was often only a succession of metaphysical garbage pails and Aquinas G.P. owes just as much to his own line of pails. . . . It is true of course that the contrast between the two is often striking, particularly in their approach to the problems of being and knowing. . . . For Aquinas there were problems at the limits of philosophical knowledge which resulted in antinomies and could be resolved only by faith. . . . For Aquinas G.P. there are no problems created by different levels of being and knowing. . . . He, like so many of my contemporaries, lives totally on the level of the garbage pail. . . .

Like many of my contemporaries, Aquinas G.P., too, lives in the shadow of tragedy. . . . If he should ever use that hole under the sink as an arch into the unknown, he would find himself in the kitchen of a lady who is the hereditary enemy of Aquinas G.P. and all his works. . . . He would suddenly be in a world as unsafe for mice as the North Sea is for men who go down to the sea in ships. . . . His liquidation would be only a matter of time. . . . The lady next door is equipped with an anti-mouse ideology, suitable weapons, and a ruthlessness which human beings usually reserve for one another. . . . For this reason—and a few others—I shall go into another huddle with Aquinas G.P. very soon and ask him if I may call him "Man." . . .



## Confucius said:

"Wise is the man, and bound to grow,
Who knows he knows a thing or so;
But who is not afraid to show
That many things he does not know."

*A philosopher examines the generation now thronging the American campus—*

# THE AMERICAN STUDENT

*By* SVERRE NORBORG

## *I*

AN ACADEMIC teacher whose background is almost wholly European comes as an instructor to American colleges and universities with a great deal of curiosity in his mind and with not a few hopes. After teaching for a few years in these American institutions of learning and meeting his students in auditoriums, conference hours, and private conversations, he is discovering quite a few distinctly American qualities and oddities. He finds himself in very congenial company made up of frank, inquisitive young minds. He listens to their youthful arguments, their good humored stories and comments, and, quite often, he is impressed by the disturbing fact that these are young folks who are continuously *searching for something*—something more important than facts and data and theories and hypotheses and academic problems.

On the whole, he finds the American students a little less exact and studious than their European cousins; he discovers in the American students a certain happy-go-lucky approach to studies, facts, and evaluations, revealing that the European student admittedly is a more critical listener to the supposedly scholarly wisdom coming from professorial lips. While the European student, in a most forbidding way, demands clear, logical exposition and argumentation, his American student cousins often forgive lack of logic for a good joke or a fluent, oratorical speech. Quite a number of our American students have never discovered the abyss between a good talker and a logical argument.

No wonder, then, that a phi-

losopher from Europe constantly wonders why American colleges and universities have not yet discovered the necessity of a required course in logic for all freshmen, before they are let loose on the professors—or the professors are let loose on the students. Logic is an instrument, better than which we find none, for the uprooting of crooked thinking and the safeguarding against fallacious and hasty conclusions. And who said there are no fallacies in professorial lectures?

## *II*

### *The American Campus*

The versatile young minds at our universities and colleges are introduced to an almost stupefying amount of learned details and scientific theories. It was forced upon me one afternoon as we cruised to a landing after an air-trip from Chicago to Minneapolis and were circling the Minnesota University Campus—a whole city of buildings, streets, lawns, and that huge stadium, which has seen so many memorable football Saturdays: How easy it is to grasp the Unity of a University from an aeroplane, and how much it appears to be an intellectual jigsaw puzzle to any student or visitor who would try to get a feel of the "soul of the University," some of that indefinable feeling of "Universitas"—the spirit of Unity throughout diversity—which one cannot but breathe at Oxford, Heidelberg, or Upsala, but which seems so pathetically absent at many of our great American institutions of learning. One could explain it by pointing to the extreme youth of these institutions: admittedly tradition cannot become a vital reality in a generation or two or three. And yet, does not history tell of schools and institutions, even though small, which right from their inception had a true significance of their own—institutions small and yet great, because they were *created by an idea* and for an idea? Greatness is not measured in grand buildings, auditoriums, and achitectural splendor. And no university or college becomes great just by an expanded building program, because no amount of bricks, marble, or concrete can give real significance to an idea. The Greek schools of philosophy are the definitive disproof of our hopelessly *external-minded modernism in education,* which perennially stands in danger of mistaking equipment for greatness, numbers for quality and ideas. A campus which is no more than an array of buildings is rather like a desert of stones than *a human field of intellectual wonder,* prepared for the spring seeding of great ideas. Such a campus does not satisfy the hunger of modern students.

When one has had quiet heart-to-heart talks with hundreds and hundreds of American students, one has heard innumerable personal reactions to our whole modern education. As personal statements these frank and sad comments to a certain extent reflect personal wants and wishes and fancies. And yet, one cannot but see a certain trend in all these personal expressions, a trend that amounts to little less than a direct indictment of the whole philosophy of education which still dominates the majority of our American institutions of learning: namely, that they perform satisfactorily as training centers for professionals, but that they are brutally unconcerned with the *human needs* of the adolescent boys and girls carrying the cherished name of students.

There are the requirements of a mechanized curriculum, the true-or-false "tests," the class-roll-call, the external correctness of regular students in regular performance of expected duties. There is the "cramming," the selling of textbooks "gone through," the orders from the advisors, designated according to student opinion to be "the ordained high priests of an educational police system."

Only an educational philosophy which recognizes the deeper needs of a young personality and seeks to meet the totality of such a person's intellectual, emotional, and volitional life can be assured a place in the academic future of America.

## *III*

### *Pragmatism and Humanism*

This last statement is meant as a direct challenge to the superficiality of the vulgar pragmatism which only for too long a period has enslaved our American educational philosophy to the folly of the adjustment-theorists. Where education decays to a mere "adjustment process," the personal and ethical points of view have deteriorated into an impersonalistic mechanism. However beautifully the naturalistic ideas of a biological education process may be "dressed up," they still retain the gross and neglected fallacy: Educationalists who perennially talk adjustment have really never discovered the unique character of man, namely that he is more than a process; that he is a *person,* not a mere biological "going-on." When one has studied some of the educational products of the Dewey school with their dogmatic Darwinistic background, one wonders if the correct definition of education would be: *A graduate adjustment of a non-entity to something floating.*

The very pragmatism of this school of thought reveals that they

never knew whither they wanted to drift, and the perennial talkativeness on our "changing" conditions, "changing" society, "changing" civilization, and therefore need of "changing" curriculum and "changing" education, necessarily brings into a critical mind a heracleitic wonder at the floating ideas of this perennial change. That this floating philosophy until the most recent years was dominated by a limitless optimism of millennialistic proportions only serves to reveal its head-strong superficiality.

Against this tyranny of biological superstition it is the historical merit of our church colleges that they did keep alive *the totality character of education:* that school and college are here for the all-inclusive purpose of helping a total person's total needs. The Christian philosophy of education is distinctly *personalistic.* Fortunately it has survived the storms of a biological pragmatism. Today an ever growing number of educators again are discovering and demanding a *true humanism in education*—a humanism which has definite convictions, which believes in the categories of person, character, duty, freedom, and purpose—a set of beliefs which is precluded from a Darwinistic naturalism like that of the Dewey school, notwithstanding the tall talk we hear from that side on "ideas." Fact is fact, and it is a philosophically established necessity that to naturalism the Ultimate Reality is a system of causal connections in space/time; a system wherein a *truly free person* is an inconceivable entity.

Without a clear dualism between nature and human qualities, between animal needs and human ideals, there is no qualitative, true humanism. Where *truth* becomes a pragmatic category only, there can only be "pro tempore truths" and senseless, endless "change." Christian personalism, Roman Catholic as well as Evangelical, insists that there are *qualities of super-temporal character,* that there is Truth, and that this Truth is a Person.

If one knows a little about fundamental philosophy, one also knows that it is ridiculous for a naturalist to cry a defiant "Dogmatist" against any personalist, as though the metaphysical question of Ultimate Reality ever could be "scientifically" settled. The Naturalist is a Believer just as much as a Personalist, Theist, Idealist, or Dualist. Whatever metaphysical confession a man has adopted, he is necessarily a confessor, a believer.

In these days of totalitarian philosophies like Communism, Fascism, and Naziism, it is astonishing to see American pragmatists still so enlightened as to believe

that ultimate questions of democracy and education can be settled by supposedly "scientific" methods of inquiry. *Where human values are at stake there is a call for metaphysical decision, conviction, and faith.*

## *IV*

### *Past and Future*

Each generation has a face of its own. The generation of the old University professors of our day are men who belong to the generation of the outgoing 19th Century, a generation of American scholars who turned their face from theology to the new Savior of the World, Science. Their quest for Certainty is characterized by willed Uncertainty, tentativeness, a touch of Skepticism, biological Adjustment-theology, and a vague political "liberalism."

Their graves were dug for them by the World War. The years 1914-1918 are slowly engraving their pessimistic truths even on the American mind. This slowness of appreciation may be the result of the illusionary "good years" of the Post War Boom in U.S.A. Since 1929, however, millions of Americans, and most of its youth, have discovered that *Convictions are more necessary than theories; Humanity is greater and higher than Nature, Machine, Gold, Success, or any other Pre-War idolatry.*

I know quite a little about education, institutions, professors, and students in Scandinavia, Germany (before and after Hitler), Great Britain, and France, and yet I have never met a more fascinating group of potential persons to work with than the American students. The youth of our American colleges and universities of today are seeking for *Reality.* They will sit for hours in one's office and talk of *real* things. They may come alone or in a little group. And I want to testify to one great, encouraging discovery: American youth is "sick and tired" of pragmatism, relativism, skepticism, of anything that tastes of the 19th Century Naturalism.

*They want a new Humanity, they want Truth as something to live by and work for.* They are not seeking Success, but Justice. They do not want a vague individualism; they seek a Reality called Fellowship. In short, their search is not for a perfect "Adjustment," but for a *Conviction which is vital, personal, and truly democratic.*

I asked my class in Problems of Philosophy to list their preferences, and those eighty students confessed to be most interested in problems of *Social Justice* (No. 1) and *Religion* (No. 2). Inasmuch as this testing of their preferences took place in the opening class of the semester, there was no "coach-

ing" from their professor. Does not this startling fact of preference reveal that the American student of today is more interested in the great truths of Humanity and Religion than in professional technicalities or merely scholarly theories?

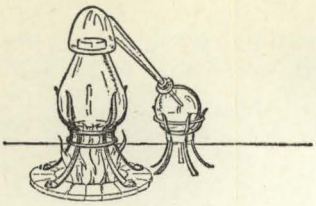
When we visualize totalitarian states giving *their* youth Dictatorship for Social Justice and State Idolatry for Living Religion and then find our American students with eager faces turned to the ideals of Social Justice, their hearts searching for the Reality of Faith, we cannot but see a new springtime blossoming forth over these great, free, and happy United States of America.

For happy, indeed, is a land with a Youth which knows a deep, metaphysical hunger. May our schools and colleges not cheat them. May our churches not fail them. *May college, church, and home see that hunger calls for—Bread.*

## *Eve of Christmas*

Peace and laughter, what are they? The whole
Of all my days my mind seeks knowledge, and looks
In countless tomes for stoic calm; deducts
And adds; thereby assumes a lordly role
And, god-like, thinks it may at last control,
(Since it has sought remotest verbal nooks
And sought and mastered scientific books),
By art of learning, my intellectual soul.

I tread white streets and leave my written pile
Tonight. New thoughts and dreams the world transform,
It seems; the multitude is raised, the while
My foolish brain awakes, its power outworn.
Philosophy and wisdom's brilliant aisles
Become a musty shade—my God is born.



# THE ALEMBIC

*By* THEODORE GRAEBNER

*"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."*

HOLLAND, *Gold-Foil*

—**My Friend Harvey Sheldon,** the river guide, tells me that thirty-five years ago he helped cut down a walnut tree 36 inches in diameter, in Pulaski County, heart of the Ozarks. What would a furniture factory now pay for walnut panels three feet across! They paid so much even then that all these big trees have been cut out. And the great oaks went into railroad ties. Now they are cutting the second growth.

Many times, while seated in front of my shack on the Big Piney, I saw two or three rafts a day coming down from the upper stretches of the river. Each raft had 800 to 1200 railroad ties. Most of these had been cut by hand, but portable saw mills were even then, in the early twenties, doing their more deadly work. The slaughter of century-old oak trees was ruthless. A stately tree would be felled, four ties cut out of its length, and the rest was left to rot or create fire hazards. For each tie the native would get fifty cents—two dollars profit from trees the likes of which I have known rich men in our city to save from plant disease at an expense of hundreds of dollars.

This savage cutting down of our hardwood forest is destroying the beauty of the Ozarks, except on the upper stretches of the streams. Great damage has also been done by fire. Scarcely a square rod of these hills but contains the mark, at the roots of the trees, of the fires which burned down the slopes. Sometimes one comes across traces of the past grandeur of these woods. They are fine even now: but what were they when oaks grew to twelve feet in circumference! Sassafras is now reduced to slender growths, possibly an inch through. I have found an old root, still exhaling the odor of sassafras, ten inches in diame-

ter! Man cuts timber and man builds fires, and the old forests are gone.

This applies to the native fruit trees. Where, now, are the kind of peaches and pears grown even forty years ago in Missouri? They were of great size and splendid flavor. Where are the snow-apples and russets of Illinois? The fruit which we now get seems to lose in flavor what it gains in appearance—some superfine apples (in color) possessing as much taste as chunks of basswood.

We are simply experiencing things similar to those which avarice and ignorance have done to the Orient. In ancient Canaan they had grapes so large that a man could not carry one bunch of them. Then there were the native grains of ancient Babylon and Egypt. Historians say that the land of Goshen supplied the Roman world—110,000,000—with wheat, and our Lord refers to wheat growing a hundredfold, as does Herodotus. A hundred bushels to the acre! Man has not improved fruits and grains. At best he is, by scientific cultivation, restoring to them some of the qualities they once possessed.

**Killing the Varmint.** We kill off "varmints" like the barn-owl and the chicken-hawk. These birds take an occasional hen from our yard. But they destroy millions of pocket-gophers, snakes, field-mice, house-mice, and harmful insects; and one gopher has been known in a short time to girdle seven apricot-trees worth $100 each. Noxious birds and insects multiply because man has destroyed the balance of nature.

Man has had the chance to show his ability to improve nature, and all he has done is to lower its productivity and then, by slow and painful experimenting and scientific horticulture, to restore to it some of the things—food-values, color, size, flavor—of which he has deprived the products of the soil.

There are more serious consequences of our abuse of nature.

Lately the inhabitants of New Orleans found that, due to prolonged drouth through its entire watershed, the Mississippi River reached an almost record low and Gulf tides flowed into the long delta channel. The ordinarily tawny river turned a placid, Gulf blue, its surface dropping far below the levee tops that line its banks for hundreds of miles northward. As a result, not only has the low stage of the water severely handicapped barge and steamer traffic, but when the inhabitants drew water from their mains, they found that it was salt. Water from the Gulf of Mexico, 110 miles away, had come up the river.

Partly, of course, this is due to the deficiency of rainfall during the summer of 1939, but we have had more severe drouths, covering the entire Mississippi Valley, and not only its southwestern half, three and four years ago, and yet the stage of the river was not lowered as recently. We see in the unprecedented floods of the last decades and also in the low level of the great streams in other years a direct result of the destruction of the forests. Pests of great virulence are attacking the chestnuts, the elms, and the oaks, mostly because man has upset the balance of nature by killing the wild life and particularly by driving the birds away from their accustomed habitats, so that insects are getting the best of vegetation and are adding to the ruin which man has created with his steel blades and sulphur matches.

Not only our food supply, our timber, and our flowing streams depend upon the conservation of wild life, especially of bird life: our own life depends on it. It is estimated that in Missouri birds consume 25,000 bushels of insects daily during the nesting season. Experts say that if all birds were exterminated, insects would, within ten years, have increased to the point where all vegetation would be consumed and life would be impossible for the human race. But deprive nature of the checks on insect life and in addition follow the cut-slash-and-burn methods of harvesting timber, and conditions will develop through erosion on the one hand and stopping up of rivers through silt on the other which will make deserts of countrysides that were once productive. Two-thirds of the rolling upland of Missouri has lost one-half its surface soil in three generations. In the bleak wastes of China and Asia Minor we may see what kind of a heritage we will pass on to succeeding generations if we do not speedily change our practice of clearing timber from steeply sloping areas and of permitting fire to destroy soil-binding vegetation. The Missouri Academy of Science recently heard these figures: "More than thirteen million acres of land are permanently destroyed for agricultural purposes. Gullies a hundred feet deep have swallowed whole farms. Stream beds are choked with gravel and silt."

New Orleans people drawing salt water from their mains is just another pointer on the dial which tells us what is ahead for our children if immediate profit is permitted to dictate our policy towards the gifts of the Creator.

**Roadsides Along 66.** As if intent to ruin whatever is left of loveliness of the Ozark hills where most people can enjoy

them, the great highway that stretches diagonally across the southern half of Missouri has been lined with advertising signs which call for a typewriter ribbon dipped in sulphuric acid for adequate description. (Don't stop me with an analysis of the exact chemical effect of $H_2SO_4$ on a cotton ribbon; you get what I mean.) Gasoline and Oil, Brake Bands, Spark Plugs, Antifreeze—a thousand signs, many over-size, in red, blue, yellow, white, and black; then Steamheated Cabins 20 miles ahead (advertised each mile), Susie's Cafe, Clean Rest Rooms, For Colds and Fevers Take Dinbad's Blue Drops, Du Kum Inn, Hot Chili Soup, Breeding Cows, Heifers, Bulls, Soothing Antiseptic, Ice Cold Beer, Steam Heated Telephone Station, Shady Lawn Cottage, Insulated Cabins, Flats Fix, Winery, 5 per cent Beer, Stuffed Pig Sandwich—and so on. And they shot a man like Lincoln.

**The Bottom Drawer.** Channing Pollock, play-writer, in the closing days of 1939 lectured in southwestern cities on the general subject—*Americans Frolic While Civilization Crumbles.* A striking passage was: "In the face of desperate need of husbanding our resources, our government spent nearly ten billion dollars this year —and who cared? Our annoyance at what has happened in Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland is only slightly greater than it would have been if the cook left without notice. America has been playing bridge and golf; struggling for more money or less work, or both; wearing paper caps and blowing tin horns on cruises; drinking too much; thinking too little; reading about the new hats; and the former Mrs. Simpson and how the motion-picture stars got that way, while nations revert to barbarism, liberty disappears from the face of the earth and white civilization crumbles about our ears. . . ." At a Republican rally in Pittsburgh, a crowd of 55,000 raided a dining hall in a suburban park, clawed over, flung about, and trampled on tons of food for an hour. Policemen looked helplessly on while the crowd continued to tear chunks of meat from three roasting ovens and grabbed buns and baskets of tomatoes and uncooked corn. Tables laden with almost 50,000 buns were upset, a pile of 60,000 ears of corn was grabbed up or trampled into the ground. These people were not starving. The incident illustrates what we may expect from government by mob. . . . In South Dakota, Black Hills rascals sold some "porcupine eggs" to two woman tourists from the East, thereby just about evening the score with the city slickers who sold the Brooklyn bridge to

visitors from the West. The buyers proudly unveiled several prickly, oval objects at a filling station and said: "Porcupine eggs, and only a dollar apiece. We're taking them home to hatch in a few weeks." The "eggs" were cockleburrs, a plant seed covered with sharp points, of which some acres will bear 10,000. . . . The worm turned in Spain when the civil governor of Madrid imposed a fine of 500 pesetas ($55) for poor music at a recent bull fight. The crowd had jeered the musicians after they played raggedly the three required anthems — Nationalist, Falange (Fascist), and Carlist (Monarchist). . . . At the Brookfield Zoo near Chicago, surplus animals were given away by lot. Among the pets on which visitors reported prize winning tickets were a monkey, a parrot, and a baboon. In no case did the lucky winners step forward. The director of the zoo has not made up his mind whether to continue the free distribution of pets. It's a little hard to decide. If nobody wants a baboon, whither are we drifting? . . . Among rich New Yorkers the latest fad is to see newlyweds off on the Bermuda boats and then hurry around and fly down to the islands, so as to greet them at the pier when they land in Hamilton, the Bermuda port. The effect on the honeymoon couple is said to be staggering. . . . Discussing the events of the past few years in Europe, Lord Baldwin, former British Prime Minister, remarked, "Plans can be prepared in secret and applied overnight for the enslavement of a whole nation and for the swift incarceration of its leaders by the hundred or by the thousand as required. All this we have seen in Europe in 1939. . . ."

The story of progress in 1939 will not fail to make due mention of the invention of a patent doughnut dunker by Arthur Basham of Chicago. The invention consists of a simple little device which, when attached to any regulation style doughnut, permits a safer and a deeper dunk. Said the proud inventor: "The era of the scalded finger and the spotted vest is past."



## *archy on the war*

"i have noticed that when chickens quit quarrelling over their food they often find that there is enough for all of them i wonder if it might not be the same way with the human race"

DON MARQUIS

# MUSIC and Music Makers

*By* WALTER A. HANSEN

*A Tribute to the Memory of the Distinguished Hungarian Composer, Karl Goldmark.*

Will the world of music pay much attention to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the passing of Karl Goldmark, who was born on May 18, 1830, in a little Hungarian village called Keszthely and died in Vienna on the second day of January in the year 1915? Is it, as some seem to believe, high time that we cast the *Rustic Wedding Symphony* to the winds that it may disport itself unwept and unsung in the company of such threadbare lucubrations as Joachim Raff's symphony about *Lenore* and Anton Rubinstein's *Ocean Symphony?* Are we to conclude that the *Sakuntala Overture* and the opera, *The Queen of Sheba,* are ready for the embalmer?

If Goldmark is brushed aside in a manner so brusque and so pitifully devoid of understanding, there will be cause to wonder whether, as Mark Antony once declared, judgment has fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their reason.

It would be entirely out of order to number the gifted Hungarian Jew to whose memory we propose to pay our respects in this brief discussion among the composers who have earned the right to be referred to as great; but we dare not deny that Goldmark was one of those lesser figures in music who send out their light in such an engaging manner and with such noteworthy skill that it would be the height of folly either to damn them with faint praise or to dismiss them in summary fashion as wholly unimportant. Criticism worth its salt never presumes to relegate a composer to the limbo of futility merely because his works are not on a par with those of giants like Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, and Wagner.

Goldmark once declared, "I had the good fortune never to go to school." But it would be both uncharitable on our part and indicative of warped judgment to

conclude from his startling statement that he was in the habit of curling up the lip at the learning which a composer must make part and parcel of his very flesh and blood if he is to achieve anything worthy of serious consideration. Goldmark evidently meant to imply that the extreme poverty which had prevented him from enjoying the advantages of a thorough schooling had, in reality, been a blessing in disguise. He realized full well that his education was lamentably deficient in more than one respect. Yet he could not avoid being keenly aware of the fact that the wolf which had continually haunted the door of his father's house had impelled him to be on his mettle to a far greater extent than many of those who were not handicapped by the pinch of what was only a little better than sheer destitution.

But there was another truth which could not escape the notice of a man as sagacious as Goldmark. He himself knew that freshness and originality frequently revealed an unmistakable tendency to disappear from his works in direct proportion to the enlargement and the refinement of his technical skill. In other words, he understood from his own experiences that composers are sometimes hobbled by subserviency to book-learning.

### *Dire Poverty*

There were more than twenty children in the Goldmark family. The father was cantor in the village of Keszthely; but his earnings were so small that there was usually an appalling scarcity of food and clothing in the house. At an early age, Karl gave evidence of such deep interest in music that, by dint of much scraping and scrimping, it was made possible for him to devote some of his time to the study of the violin. When the lad had reached his fourteenth year, he was sent to Vienna, where he was placed under the guidance of the able and widely known Leopold Jansa. But, after the lapse of eighteen months, the lessons had to be discontinued because there was no money to pay for them. Nevertheless, Karl, thrown upon his own resources, worked diligently and incessantly even though dire want had pulled his heart-strings taut. It was sometimes necessary for friends to save him from starvation. In 1847, he enrolled as a student at the Conservatory of the Friends of Music. The revolutionary disturbances of 1848 brought harrowing experiences into his life. His brother Josef, who was actively on the side of the revolutionists, fled to America after his name had been placed on the proscription lists, and Karl himself was often in

grave danger. On one occasion, a firing squad was on the verge of making short shrift of the lad, when a young officer interceded for him and saved his life. Karl had been accused of slandering the Emperor.

The ambitious violinist found employment off and on in small provincial theatres. In addition, he learned to play the piano, and soon he was able to drive penury away by giving lessons. As time went on, he enjoyed a large amount of success as a teacher; but this did not prevent him from continuing his studies with unflagging zeal. From 1851 to 1858, he played in the orchestra of the *Karl Theater* in Vienna and, in this way, learned much about the art of orchestration.

In 1857, Goldmark decided to present a number of his own works in a specially arranged concert. Unfortunately, however, some of the needy musicians who had promised to co-operate managed to obtain profitable engagements on the evening set aside for this purpose. They did not hesitate to jettison the concert. But one year later a wealthy friend financed a public presentation of Goldmark's compositions. The results were heartening. In 1865, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, directed by Otto Dessoff, played his *Sakuntala Overture,* and the work, which abounds in melodic richness and deftly wrought Oriental coloration, was received with such approbation by the Viennese that the composer's name became one to be conjured with in the city.

Goldmark's best opera, *The Queen of Sheba,* was completed in 1872 and produced for the first time in 1875 at the Royal Vienna Opera under the direction of Wilhelm Gericke. Its phenomenal success was due both to the impressive character of the music and to the fact that the libretto had been prepared with a thoroughgoing mastery of stage-craft by the well-known playwright, S. H. Mosenthal.

Opera houses in various parts of Europe soon began to clamor for permission to present *The Queen of Sheba.* Goldmark's fame was firmly established. There was no more poverty in his life. He was now able to enjoy many of the things which he had longed for with such utter hopelessness in the years of his youth. Passionately fond of the beauties of nature, he devoted much of his time to traveling. But he did not neglect his music. *Merlin,* an opera based on the legend of King Arthur, was produced in 1886, and *The Cricket on the Hearth,* a composition not far below *The Queen of Sheba* in worth, was brought out ten years later. The beautiful overture, *In Springtime,* de-

lighted the Viennese on the occasion of its premiere in 1889 and still gives unalloyed pleasure whenever it is performed. Its melodic content has much in common with folk tunes. It is music straight from the heart—music inspired by the enchanting beauty of the mountains, valleys, lakes, and forests of Austria. Here the composer gives forthright expression to the silent glamor of nature in her happiest mood.

### *Other Works*

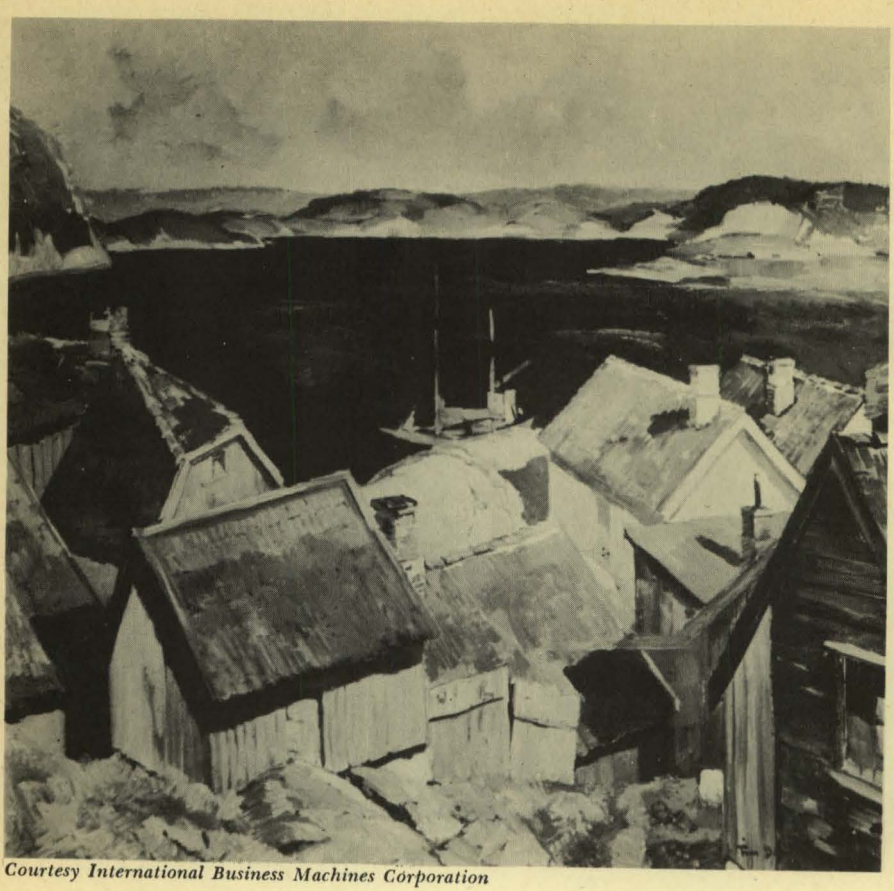
In addition to the works mentioned, Goldmark wrote two violin concertos, a piano trio, two string quartets, songs, and numerous piano and violin compositions. For a time, he served as music critic for the *Konstitutionelle Zeitung.* Although he was on friendly terms with Brahms, he could not be induced to join the ranks of those who considered it their bounden duty to decry the achievements of Wagner. He evidently realized that both men were great masters even though Brahms, the stalwart champion of absolute music, and Wagner, who —as Lawrence Gilman once put it—had the ability to make men see with their ears, were, in many respects, as far apart as the two poles.

If we submit the *Sakuntala Overture, The Queen of Sheba, In Springtime,* the *Violin Concerto in A Minor,* and especially the *Rustic Wedding Symphony* to a careful re-examination, we shall find, I believe, that Goldmark was by no means one of those composers who never acquire citizenship in the land of true poetry, but are doomed to dwell forever on its outskirts as strangers and foreigners. There is no ostentation in his writings. Even when—as in *The Queen of Sheba*—he becomes intensely dramatic and paints with a lavish use of brilliant colors, he does not stoop to bombast pure and simple. There is a fine sense of balance in his works. His melodies are always engaging and sometimes even stirring. One looks in vain in his writings for that hollow pretentiousness to which so many scribblers of notes resort in a futile attempt to cover an appalling lack of substantial thought.

Many are convinced that the *Rustic Wedding Symphony*—performed for the first time in Vienna in 1876 under the baton of Hans Richter—is Goldmark's finest work. Strictly speaking, it is not a symphony at all, but a suite in five parts. The first movement is made up of a theme and thirteen adroitly built variations. Then comes a delightful *Bridal Song.* The *Scherzo,* called *Serenade,* is gentle and gay. An atmosphere of dreaminess pervades the ravishingly beautiful fourth part, en-

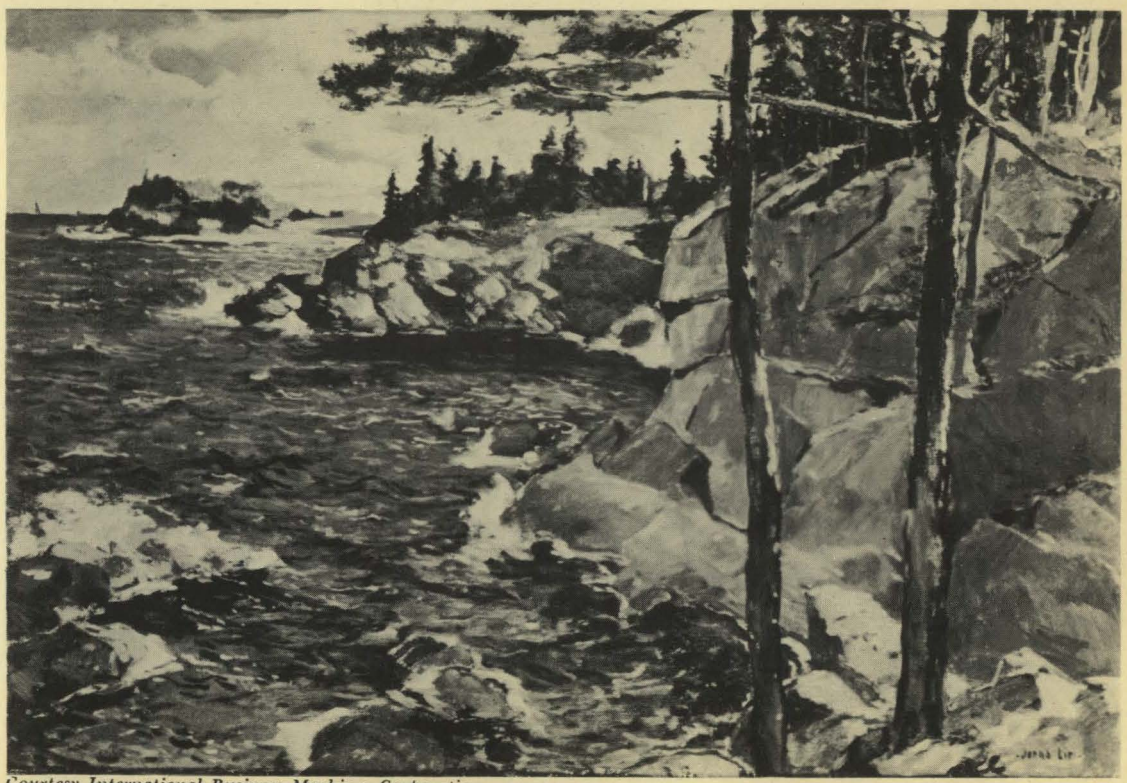
*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

This represents the first prize in the awards made for the paintings of seventy-nine artists from seventy-nine countries which were on exhibit in the Gallery of Science and Art at the Business Systems and Insurance Building, World's Fair, New York. The artist is John Keating—representing Ireland. "The Race of the Gael" is the title.



*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

The second award went to Stephan Domaradski, of Poland, for this beautiful scene from his native countryside—"Village in the Polesie District."

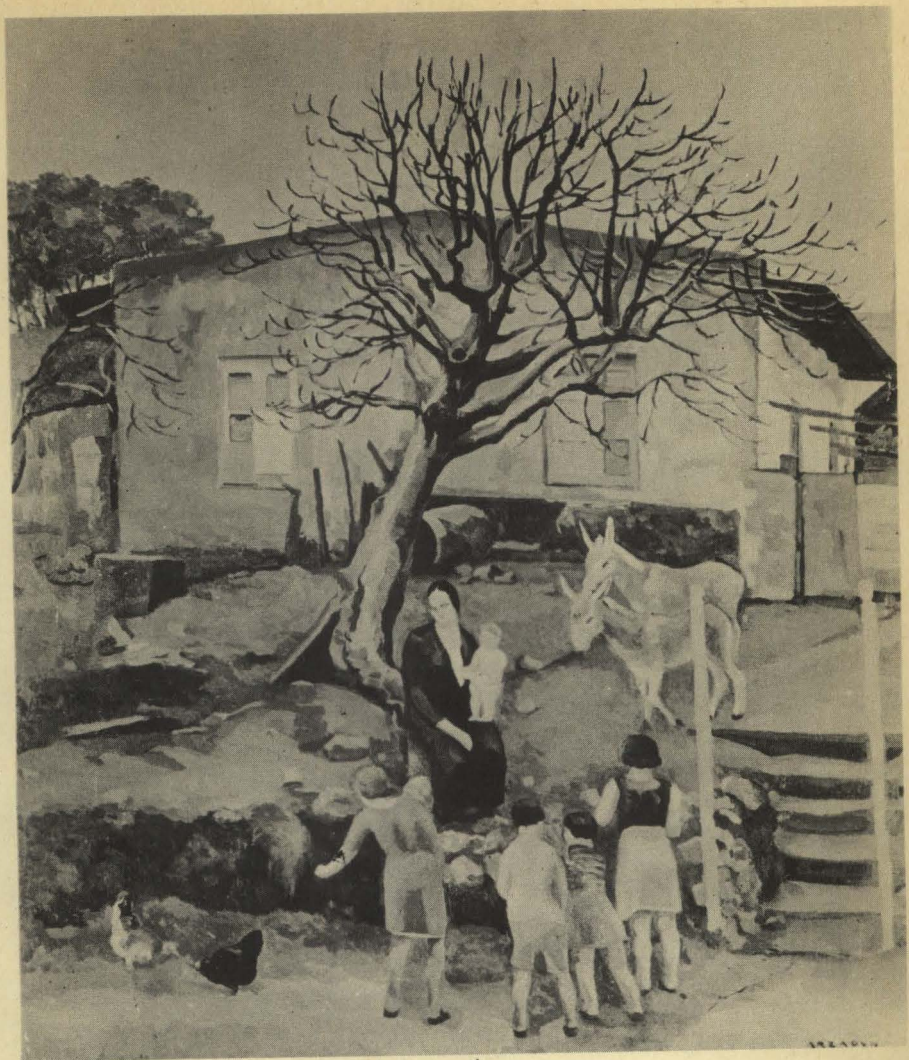


*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

"Rock Bound Coast"—a scene that warms the hearts of the people of the United States of America, painted by Jonas Lie, received the third award.

*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

The painting "Dawn" is expressive of Japan and was placed fourth. Shuho Kegami, the artist, received the award.



*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

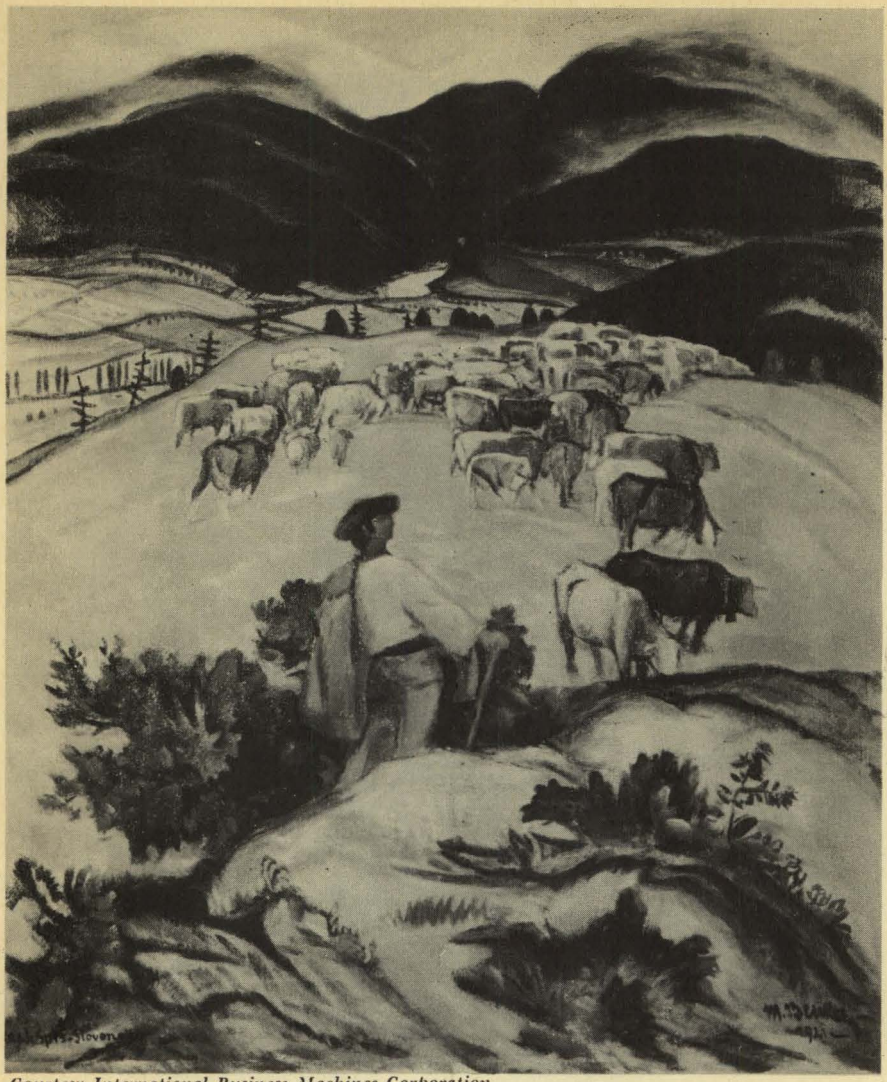
Uruguay is vividly portrayed by Carmelo De Arzadun in his picture, "Rustic Scene," which won the sixth prize.

*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

The rugged beauty of Norway's fishing coasts is expressed in Finn Davidsen's "Fishermen's Houses,"—the painting was placed ninth.

*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

The tenth award was presented to Harry Rabinger for his typical scene of historic Luxemburg—"Vue de Luxemburg."



*Courtesy International Business Machines Corporation*

Czechoslovakia—with its rolling hills and herds of cattle. Martin Benka preserves the idyllic scene in his "In the Pasture," which was awarded tenth prize.

titled *In the Garden.* Fun and robust rejoicing abound in the *Finale.* Some say that there is a close relationship in thought-content between the *Rustic Wedding Symphony* and Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony;* others believe that Goldmark's music bears a striking resemblance to the output of Bedrich Smetana and Antonin Dvorak. Then there are those who suspect that the theme of the first movement of the *Rustic Wedding Symphony* is a parody of the *Ode to Joy* melody in the *Finale* of Beethoven's *Ninth.*

Goldmark, loved as a man and widely revered as a composer, died at the ripe old age of eighty-five; but he lives on in the hearts of those who delight in simple, forthright, and captivating melodiousness. Let us do him honor by devoting renewed attention to his music. Those who overlook to do so will be the poorer for their negligence.

Rubin Goldmark, who was born in New York City on August 15, 1872, and died on March 6, 1936, was a nephew of the famous Hungarian composer. His principal works are: *A Negro Rhapsody, Samson, The Call of the Plains,* and a *Requiem* inspired by Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

# Recent Recordings

KARL GOLDMARK. *Rustic Wedding Symphony.* The Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra under Howard Barlow.—The recording is excellent, and the performance is praiseworthy. Columbia Album M-385.

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT. *Symphony No. 9, in C Major.* The London Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter.—A masterful reading of one of the priceless treasures in music. Robert Shumann once referred to the great work as a symphony of "heavenly lengths." Victor Album M-602.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Symphony No. 1, in C Major, Opus 68.* The London Symphony Orchestra under Felix Weingartner.—There is no ostentatiousness in this performance. Intellectual honesty, profound musicianship, and consummate mastery of the technical aspects of conducting are the salient characteristics of Weingartner's exposition of the symphony.—Columbia Album M-383.—*Quintet in F Minor, for Piano and Strings, Opus 34.* Rudolf Serkin, pianist, and the Busch String Quartet.—Here, too, we find artistry that abhors pretense and goes directly and honestly to the heart of the music. Victor M-607.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Trio No. 2, in G Major, for Violin, Viola, and 'Cello, Opus 9, No. 1.* The Pasquier Trio.—This superb recording is particularly valuable since one seldom has the opportunity to hear Beethoven's string trios in concert. Columbia Album M-384.

# THE LITERARY SCENE

*Read not to contradict and confute—nor to believe and take for granted—but to weigh and consider.*

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

## The Ultimate Blindness

***THE NAZARENE.*** By Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1939. 698 pages. $2.75.

STRANGE but fascinating titles have lately appeared on the book market, titles chosen with the intention of challenging the attention of the reading public. And not the least among the many challenging titles are found in the so-called "Leben-Jesu-Literatur," that is, in the literature concerning Jesus, the Christ, most of which are biographies of the great Prophet of Israel. In the great array we find *The Inevitable Christ, The Inexhaustible Christ,* and, somewhat farther back, *The Inescapable Christ.* Apparently the life of Christ is a constant challenge to every person who comes into contact with Him. He is still, as the aged Simeon puts it, "set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against."

One may think it particularly strange that men who do not belong to the camp of Jesus, the Redeemer, have recently tried to present a biography of Christ. But it is passing strange that even unchristianized members of the Lord's own race have attempted to present a picture of the Son of Mary which is evidently not, on the face of it, intended to be hostile. Such an attempt was Emil Ludwig's *Son of Man,* which many critics considered a very sympathetic portrait. Such an attempt, also, is the recent biography, *The Nazarene,* by Sholem Asch.

In some respects this is a fascinating book, and we can understand the enthusiasm of some reviewers. One may well share the impression recorded by Dorothy Canfield, as given in the October *Book-of-the-Month Club News:* "His story is set in an odd and complicated piece of fantasy which may have, for all my ignorance knows, some deep cabalistic inner meaning of symbolism." With regard to the last thought, the reader cannot escape the impression that we are here dealing with a weird and fantastic conglomeration of fact and fancy, interwoven with a strange conception of the eternal Jew. There is a strain associated with the transmigration of souls and with reincarnation. There are pages of Oriental philosophy which out-Talmud the Talmud. The

effect of this bizarre setting is heightened by the introduction of pseudographic material which is at least as peculiar as the stories offered in the Archko Volume. To have Judas Iscariot write a gospel which is frequently so definitely out of harmony with the Biblical account and obviously is contrary to the delineation of the psychology and character of the traitor—that is a daring conceit.

Another interesting thing. While the book, as Dorothy Canfield remarks, is "by no means flawless from a literary point of view," yet there are pages of description which are "emotionally compelling" by virtue of the word painting in which the author excels. And this is not done by means of the putrid realism which characterizes many of the recent productions in American fiction. Even in the descriptions of physical and moral filth the author does not descend to the level which insists on placing the open plumbing of a book into the reception room. Possibly the obvious effort to employ a form of Biblical diction kept the author from committing the breach unspeakable, that of glorying in scurrilous and obscene language, in blasphemy and inanities, in lurid descriptions of child birth and sex relationships of the most intimate kind. Very often his language has a brilliance which sheds light on the more obscure parts of the great picture which he endeavors to present to his readers. Even the fact that one of the narrators fancies himself to be one of the chiliarchs of the procurator Pontius Pilate and that the man who writes a large part of the story is finally made to feel that he is at least the incarnation of a pupil of Nicodemus, is not in itself repulsive.

AND yet it is unfortunate, to say the least, that this book has been added to the "Leben-Jesu Literatur." We shall not question the fact that some great Jewish authorities read the manuscript "with a magnifying glass," as Miss Canfield states, "looking for inaccuracies among the myriad details of the account of the politics, the customs, the traditions and laws of the Jews of that period." The book, as we see it, is not intended to be a monograph on Jewish customs in the days of Jesus, but a truthful account of the life and work of the Master Himself. And it is on this point that the book is a complete, a miserable failure. The author fails to realize and to present what even the Jews in the days of Jesus clearly concluded from His words and works: "Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He . . . said that God was His Father, making Himself equal with God." Any person who presumes to write a biography of Jesus and does not acknowledge the fact that Jesus at least made the claim to be the Son of God and thus affirmed His essential deity, cannot possibly give us a delineation of the Master's personality. Asch comes as close to it as he permitted the power of the Biblical narrative to carry him. He is almost correct in his description of the scene near Caesarea Philippi where the great confession concerning the Savior as the Son of God was made. But the author is not able to get beyond this weak statement:

"Know that God has taken the full and complete nature of man, and poured it into the King-Messiah; in order that the Son of Man may be able to lift up the son of man, he must first go down into the lowest depths; thus he will be able to lift him to the highest heights. He is the sum of all of us. . . . There is no other path to salvation, save through the pangs of the Messiah." (P. 557f.) Only one who is acquainted with the lofty eloquence of Saint Paul's description of the Messiah as the God-man, such as we find in Ephesians 1 and Philippians 2, can feel, with keen and bitter regret, how utterly inadequate the conception held by Asch is, when compared with the inspired account. And the author has no resurrection of the Nazarene. What he says about the effect of the crucifixion is precisely what every Modernist would accept: a great teacher, a fearless social reformer, a martyr of his cause!

BUT it is not merely the omissions and inadequacies which neutralize the value of the book. There are scores of references and descriptions which are definitely at variance with the acknowledged records. For surely the evidence of the accounts as found in the four gospels has greater weight, even from the standpoint of mere human testimony, than the fantastic imagination ascribed to Judas Iscariot and a pretended chiliarch.

No more hopeless confusion is imaginable than that which the author has built up around the person of Mary Magdalene, who somehow has caught his fancy. It is true that he does not go quite as far as the scenario writer of one of the Biblical dramas, who made Mary of Magdala the mistress of Judas Iscariot. But in some respects the imagination of Sholem Asch even transcends that of the movie producer. He introduces her into the story as a voluptuous woman who is apparently the mistress of some of the most prominent men of the city of Jerusalem. She owns a magnificent home in the city, but, again strange to say, she has another home on the slope of the Mount of Olives, where she lives with her sister Martha (of Luke 10 and John 11) and her brother Lazarus. Having come to the knowledge of her sins, she is made the great sinner of Luke 7. Later she removes to Galilee, but is again introduced into the story as the harlot of John 8. The reader is bound to ask: Why pile everything on this one woman, when there were so many others who would have served quite as well, if we follow the gospel account? Of course it is again Mary Magdalene who anoints the Lord in preparation for His burial. Here the author has also taken liberties with the time of the episode, thus further increasing the lack of plausibility in his narrative.

Throughout the book the harmony of the gospel account is not only disturbed, but totally disrupted. We shall not insist that all the inaccuracies and perversions were introduced with malicious intent, but this fact may possibly serve as a double condemnation, since an author is supposed to be accurate in his descriptions. For example, in the story of the feeding of the five thousand, both Mark and Matthew state that the

Lord dismissed the multitude after the miracle had been performed. But Sholem Asch says: "And the multitude ceased not from rejoicing and singing and crying, *late into the night.* And they danced about our Rabbi and rejoiced in him." (P. 316.) Yet the true gospels speak of Him as going up the mountain to pray, after dismissing the disciples, even before the night had fallen. Again, there is no evidence in the gospels that Jesus actually went into the cities of Tyre and Sidon, the reference and description referring to the fact that He journeyed to the *borders* of the Phenician cities. Besides, the author's own description of Christ's fear of defilement in the case of Tiberias would preclude His going into cities which were so completely pagan as those of Phenicia. Yet he has a long description of the supposed visit of Christ to Tyre and Sidon and of the abominations which He is said to have witnessed. Again, many statements of Jesus which in the gospels are associated with specific episodes, are by Asch transferred to other incidents, where they definitely do not fit. The exclamation of the hard saying is attributed to one of the apostles, although the context in John 6 clearly shows that Peter spoke in the name of the Twelve when he made his great confession at Capernaum. The saying of Jesus in John 12, about His having come into this hour, is transferred by Asch to the scene of the anointing by Mary, where it certainly has no place. Again, the Bible account places Peter and John in charge of the preparations for the last Passover meal, and it is said that Jesus came only in the evening with the other disciples. But Asch states that Peter carried the kid(?) for the supper, and with him were Jochanan (John) and Jacob; a little distance behind were Judah and other disciples—a description which is clearly at variance with the gospel account.

There are numerous other instances in which the author has seriously erred in his portrayal of the story of Jesus, sometimes in the harmony of the account, sometimes in the failure to give a correct delineation of motives and character. Our conclusion is that no person who does not believe Jesus to be the Son of God and the Savior of the world, who not only died, but also rose again, and no person who does not accept the inspired account of the Bible for the basic facts of the life of Jesus, is able to write a reliable biography of the Nazarene who is the Lord of heaven.

P. E. KRETZMANN

## Man in Isotype

***MODERN MAN IN THE MAKING.*** By Otto Neurath. Alfred A. Knopf, New York and London. 1939. 159 pages, 8½ x 10½. $2.95.

WE ARE all accustomed to running across tables of interesting data in our reading, and we know how hard it is to grasp fully and clearly, and afterwards to remember, just what they are to convey. I have, for instance, here before me, in a sociology text, a table giving the density of population per square mile for twelve selected countries, six of which have the highest densities on

earth, and six the lowest. These densities range from 820 for Japan to 2.2 for Australia. I find it quite a task to keep in memory how the various countries rank successively and, at the same time, to bring home to myself what the numerical differences amount to in relation to each other. Now if, in this table, there were further given for each of the countries the proportion of arable land and the degree of industrial development, I am sure I should be in for a bad time, and after a month I should not be able to tell you much more about the table than that I had seen it.

YOU have probably diagnosed my difficulty: I cannot properly *visualize* such complex data, and so they run through my head as if it were a colander. If you are not like that, be thankful. It may give you satisfaction to know that, in that case, you are of a rarer type, for most of our fellowmen are afflicted as I am, though some of them perhaps less grievously. It is for our benefit that the familiar sort of charts and graphs was invented. They help, certainly, but they are unfortunately so similar to one another in general appearance that when we have ogled a swarm of them we have no end of trouble in recalling which was which and precisely what they were about and just what they had to say anent it.

But now Otto Neurath is coming to our rescue. Knowing that the easiest way to our understanding and our memory leads through the gateway of vision, he has developed new and improved methods of transferring information by visual means. Before we go on, however, you must have the right slant on Neurath. You might think that he is just another of that vast company of well-intentioned, but ill-advised, innovators who help to wear our patience thin. That is far from being the case. Neurath is an outstanding man. An Austrian by birth, he formerly taught at Heidelberg and Vienna. He founded and directed the famous Social and Economic Museum at Vienna and is at present director of the International Foundation for Visual Education at The Hague and editor-in-chief of the *International Encyclopedia of Unified Science,* which is being published by the University of Chicago and is being written by some of the ablest thinkers of our day.

The visual method of presenting information which Neurath has developed and which he uses in this book, he calls the Isotype method. It consists of charts and illustrations which employ symbols, colors, and spatial arrangements in a way that presents connections between facts to the eye instead of discussing them. To take an example at random: On page 45 there is a chart on urbanization, births, and deaths. There are eight horizontal rows of silhouettes of men, ten to each row. Each silhouette represents 10 per cent of population. The proportion of inhabitants living in cities of 100,000 and over is shown by men in red, the rest being gray. The first four rows give the record of Great Britain at 30-year intervals from 1840 to 1930; the remaining four rows carry the record for 1930 of Chile, Japan, Germany, and Aus-

tralia. To the right of each row of silhouettes is a row of green stars and another of black crosses, indicating the record of births and deaths for the corresponding country and period. It is easy to read the chart and easy to impress it on the memory. Cross-references within the chart require only the simple inspection of magnitudes instead of the usual translation of arbitrary symbols. One readily *sees,* for instance, that Australia is two-and-a-half times as urbanized as Chile, with a birth rate one-half as great and a death rate of only two-fifths.

The book tells a single story, namely that of modern man and his historical background. The six sections deal with: Past and Present; Unification of Mankind; Trends Toward Modernity; State of the World; Social Environment; Daily Life. By means of simple, lucid text, packed with facts, the charts are connected into a whole that is, indeed, not exhaustive of the theme but that rather outlines it through significant detail. Bright children of twelve and seasoned thinkers of seventy are both likely to derive enjoyment and benefit from the volume. Teachers should find it especially valuable as a source of suggestions for new ways of employing visual instruction.

## The Road to Utah

***CHILDREN OF GOD.*** By Vardis Fisher. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1939. 769 pages. $3.00.

WHILE the rest of America was seething with politics and Indian troubles in the West, up in western New York, at Palmyra, young Joseph Smith swore an angel had showed him two golden plates inscribed with mysterious symbols. Matters would have rested there, but Joseph Smith insisted that it was time to be done with all Protestant sects and start an absolutely new church. Itinerant evangelists and religious crusaders were arousing so many doubts in people's minds about the true church that Prophet Smith felt he ought to do something about it.

In this novel Vardis Fisher tells the story of a strangely fantastic religion and a stranger group of Americans. To this day the Mormons remain a people apart, children of the prophet Mormon and his son, Moroni, readers of a book which tells the queer tale of the Nephites and the Mulekites, who, it claims, were taught a socialistic form of government by Jesus. *Children of God* tells how Joseph Smith dictated his bible, or the Book of Mormon, to his terrified secretary, Oliver Cowdery. Even before Smith's bible was finished, western New Yorkers began persecuting the American prophet. Believing that he had found gold, Joseph's neighbors hounded the lad until he had to run for his life. Before he left the state he convinced Emma Hale that she ought to marry him.

In the face of inhuman cruelty to himself and his followers, Joseph Smith remained steadfast in his claim that he was the chosen prophet of God. In Ohio he was brutally tarred and feathered by self-styled Christians. The more converts he made, the more enemies he acquired.

He flees to Missouri, determined to

set up a kingdom somewhere around Independence. For a time affairs in the Mormon colony run their ordinary course. As the Mormons increase in numbers and wealth, the antagonism of the Missourians is aroused. To the shame of the state of Missouri and of the President of the United States, the Mormons are cruelly persecuted by local patriots. Vigilante gangs burn and pillage the Mormon settlements. Gangs seize men and women and brutally torture their victims. In self-protection some of the Mormons organize a secret society, the Danites, with the avowed purpose of evening the score. In the end it is apparent that the Mormons face extermination, and Joseph Smith has to flee to Illinois, to seek a haven.

IN ILLINOIS the Mormons acquire a tract of swamp land on the Mississippi. The prophet founds the city of Nauvoo. Through superhuman energy the Mormons transform the swamp into a modern city, the wonder of world travelers. It is at this time that Joseph Smith inaugurates the teaching of celestial marriage. Only a chosen few are permitted the privilege of plural marriage. Brigham Young, who has joined the Mormons in Missouri, acquires several wives without a great deal of enthusiasm. When news of this business of celestial marriage reaches the outside world, there is an uproar. It is a mere matter of months before the Mormons are given orders to get out of Illinois and the United States. Mobs form. Joseph Smith is shot in Nauvoo while he is under the protection of the Illinois governor.

Brigham Young takes the mantle of head prophet. Quickly he attempts to organize the Mormons for the flight to the Rocky Mountains. Preparations for the expedition are far from complete when the vanguard of Mormons is chased out of Illinois. In February, 1846, they cross the frozen Mississippi and begin the long trek to Utah across Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming. Even the most grudging must admit that the story of the Mormon flight to Utah is one of the great feats in American history. To Brigham Young goes the credit for his indomitable courage in leading an ill-equipped group of settlers through hostile Indian country, across barren stretches of Wyoming and Nebraska country, and over the Rocky Mountains to the Great Salt Lake. If only the later history of the Mormons were as noble as the pages of that pioneer saga!

Before the expedition has gone a quarter of the way, news reaches the Mormons that the United States has acquired from Mexico all the land beyond the Rockies. Brigham Young staggers under the blow. Nonetheless he decides to march on to Utah. Why did he choose Utah, a land infested with crickets, alkali, half-starved Indians? It was, originally, outside the United States; it was surrounded by mountains; no greedy homesteader would ever want to come to Utah. The Mormons would resurrect the land through hard work and desperate sacrifice. They would create an army. No one would ever again hound them. And they did all these things. But they were still hounded because of that fantastic doctrine

about celestial marriages.

This is a novel literally teeming with people and events. Its outstanding feature is the description of the flight from Nauvoo to Utah. One also meets the Mormons who have made Utah history. The building of the Mormon empire, half-socialistic and half-imperial, is fascinatingly described. The gradual disintegration of the Mormon state is thoroughly related in a long last section of the novel.

*Children of God* has been awarded the 1939-40 Harper Prize for fiction. We are asked to consider this book a novel about the Mormons. Unfortunately the novel is a life of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young and a crossing of history and fancy. The novel is neither flesh nor fowl nor fish. The novelist has not succeeded in hiding his story-telling apparatus, nor has he arranged his material in the most effective manner. Had he dropped the last section of the novel, he would have achieved greater unity. There is an abundance of pedestrian writing. The reader remains unconvinced that some inner necessity compelled Joseph Smith or Brigham Young to act as they did.

Reading this story, we are inevitably reminded of the hardships many of the other religious pioneers had to undergo. On the other hand, it is certain that none of those pioneers used the foul and abusive language Vardis Fisher places in the mouths of his Mormons. This is a major objection to the novel. Nor are the minute descriptions of questionable scenes absolutely germane to the development of the Mormon epic. Vardis Fisher has written at least three better novels than *Children of God*. Had he condensed his material and practiced an inner moral censorship he might have produced a truly great epic. But he misses fire, and the result is that we have another lengthy novel on a phase of Americana.

## At Home in Borneo

*LAND BELOW THE WIND.* By Agnes Newton Keith. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1939. 371 pages. $3.00.

THE *Wanderlust* victim who seeks an arm-chair and reading-lamp escape will enjoy Agnes Keith's picture of Borneo. The author is the American wife of the English Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture in North Borneo. Before her marriage in 1934 she was a newspaperwoman for the *San Francisco Examiner*. The autobiography reflects reportorial training, her husband's insistence on factual accuracy, the attitude of officialdom among the seventy-five white people who live in the capital of the British Protectorate on the third largest island in the world, an understanding of the natives, an artist's eye for beauty, and a richness of humor and of simile that makes you want to remember the phrasing.

The Empire Builder had been happy in the house of his bachelor days, but the American wife admired the view from the finest hilltop of Sandakan; the woman in her won. Moving exposed the termite destruction to cupboards, tables, chairs, beds. The one thing that resisted the in-

sects was the refrigerator—four degrees from the equator—and that belonged to the Martin Johnsons. No van there! Ten *kuli* women carried the ice box up the hill.

THE new house looked over the smooth and blue harbor of Sandakan, red roofs of the Chinese town, mangrove swamps and coconut trees, the duller green of the jungle in one direction and the small islands dotting the sea in the other, native boats leaning with the wind and the restless swaying of Chinese junks. In the garden the bougainvilleas, crimson flame-of-the-forest, red tulips, orchids, the heavy-scented frangipani, and the musk of laburnum blossoms lent their enchantment.

The size of the household varied according to the disposition of the servants and of the jungle denizens which preferred soft living on the hospitable hilltop to life in the wild. Natives will work only for masters whom they like, and if the employer expects too much diligence, or if the servant is displeased, he "resigns." Arusap, the houseboy with no unbroken service record, Chinese amahs, a Japanese gardener, a Murut boy to care for the dog, were part of the staff. The Keiths coaxed an unfenced zoo to their garden by putting bowls of rice, fish, and meat near the kitchen. The animals telegraphed the easy-life to their jungle compatriots, and the gibbon ape, otters, orangutan, loris, musang, half-breed Siamese cats, tarsier, lizards, voluntarily abdicated their jungle rights to contribute to the Keiths' entertainment.

Nine thousand miles away from England the coronation was observed in Borneo. Sutton flowers bloomed in Government House gardens that May day. Head-hunters at the party drank orange squash and ate pink cakes. A Mohammedan priest, Murut and Suluk chiefs, Chinese citizens, bagpipers from a cruiser, the English officials and their wives, met in the empire's farthest outpost to give an echo to the regal splendor in Westminster Abbey.

The coronation's gift to the Forest Conservator's household was Usit, left by one of Arusap's six visitors. Usit was an orphan. His age was not counted in years; he was not old enough to carry a blowpipe or to marry. The boy would never be old enough to dry dishes; they had the habit of breaking themselves when the gibbon ape or cat or monkey ran into him. He got out of that job when he broke a signed goblet.

The third part of the book describes an expedition by native canoes and jungle travel on foot through the back sections of North Borneo, where Keith went in search of good forests and farming lands along the rivers. The big-hearted captain of the small coastwise steamer which took them to the southern part of the protectorate where the expedition would begin, carried from one town to another, besides passengers, messages, news, servants, drugs, children, flower seeds, magazines, dogs, orchid bouquets for dinner parties two days' boattrip away. The one woman in the party of thirty men had to guarantee a man's travel-rate and baggage-size. She was allotted two cubic feet for her wardrobe and

necessities for four weeks, and she had room for a pillow.

June may theoretically be classed as a dry month for a country with 160 inches of rainfall. Nevertheless, the water-proof tent leaked, the bedding was damp; a flood literally under her cot drove the author to a cliff. The description of the rain in the jungle made the reviewer want to put on her galoshes and raincoat.

Watching the taboos of the Mohammedan who does not recognize the pig (and wild pork was the main meal for the others on the expedition), the Murut, the head-hunter, the Chinese, the English husband's passion for facts, made the game of getting along in Borneo not dull. Mrs. Keith's sense of humor in the humidity of tropical jungle had its test for fabrication and in the end never wore thin. It is the only thing that did not get wet in the jungle flood. Adventure may have been high in the Borneo bush, yet the exploring party, with wet blankets, wet wood, sore legs, insect bites, fever, sometimes had low spirits; however, the one woman in the expedition had something to write about and a witty comment of her own to add! Even the head-hunting chief had wished her good luck. She did come back alive, but not immune to fever.

As they sail, on furlough, the Keiths look from the harbor at Sandakan to the lighted windows of their hilltop house, where now others would enjoy the fragrant, sweet, warm tropical night and no one would encourage the gibbon apes to sing their morning songs while the American wife and her British husband visit California. They felt that they were leaving home, instead of going home on leave. And here I would have liked to have ended the autobiography. The last ten noisy pages drown out the lure in the Difference of the East and abruptly change the rhythm in the body of the book, *Land Below the Wind* (the title is the translation of the Malayan term for Borneo). After the description of four seasonless years in languor of the tropics the author in the last chapter gives a shock view of an extremity of America that is not characteristic of the great body of the United States.

THIS $5,000 Atlantic Non-Fiction Prize Book would have been benefited by the correct usage of the word "loan." Agnes Keith's frequent references to gin, whiskey, and the occasional profanity—no matter what they may mean to the man in the Stud Book, the successor to the Empire Builder of yesterday—do not enhance the beauty of the book. Her allusions to the Bible are generally misapplied. I was surprised to find only seven lines given to the Keiths' little girl, while whole chapters were devoted to Arusap's baby and to Usit.

The starry nights of Borneo, the damp velvety leaves and fragrant trees, the excitement of camps in the jungle, the beauty of the rapids and the shining muscles of the natives as they manned their canoes, the friendliness of the flowers and animals around the hilltop home, the masculine rightness of the husband and the unvoiced feminine complaints, the gentle evenings with the emperor moths hovering near emerald glass

and brass candleholders, the quiet, graceful movements of barefooted servants, the soft voices of the English at Government House functions, the formality of officialdom, the good fun that the couple had in all kinds of weather, the timelessness of the East, the rich humor of the author and this reserved-for-the-few kind of life are the things we like to remember when we close the batik-bound volume. After reading the book the men will want to go hunting and the women will wish that they owned a few sarongs and had a rose hibiscus in their hair.

HARRIET E. SCHWENK

## The Importance of Living

*MOMENT IN PEKING.* By Lin Yutang. The John Day Company, New York. 1939. 815 pages. $3.00.

THE distinguished Chinese historian, philosopher and pagan, Lin Yutang, has written a distinguished novel about Chinese Life. To appraise the novel properly a reviewer would not only have to be thoroughly familiar with Chinese life but he would also have to be soundly conversant with Chinese literature. Noted students of China have said, however, that Lin Yutang has written an accurate novel in the Chinese tradition, a novel which compares favorably with the great Chinese classics.

A reviewer can at best, therefore, report only on the novel itself as a novel. *Moment In Peking* may be compared to the great European family sagas such as *Buddenbrooks,* the *Forsyte Saga,* or *The Thibaults.* It is the story of life in several Chinese families from 1900, the time of the Boxer uprising, through the years until 1937 and after when the Japanese bombers and machine gunners invaded China. Lin Yutang does not devote himself primarily to a portrayal of the broad sweep of economic and political events and their direct impact upon the people involved in the novel. One sees instead how the gradual westernization of China effects such sharp changes in Chinese ways and habits of living, the little details such as the tragedy involved in the cutting off of the queues or the serio-comedy in the adoption of the western mode of masculine dress. Mr. Tseng, the cultivated esthete, the student of Confucius, could never accustom himself to foreign felt hats or men's trousers. "Being used all his life to the generous, flowing lines of a Chinese gown, which gave one a leisurely, majestic gait, he conceived with horror a picture of himself wearing pants in public. It was the wearing of pants by foreign gentlemen that made them walk so fast and that caused them to be known as 'straight-long-legs.' "

There are many stories in this long novel, one overlapping the other. One of the most tragic is the story of the courtship and marriage of Mannia and Pingya of the Tseng family. Less than a week after the marriage Pingya dies and Mannia is forced to be a widow, according to Chinese custom, the rest of her life. An amusing story, although tragic in its implications, is the story of Yao Tijen, eldest son in the family of Yao. Tijen brings grief to his family

through his dissolute ways. At first he resolves in a noble reform effort to go to England, study at Cambridge, return to China and become a luminary in the governmental and intellectual life in Peking. When he hears that freshmen are hazed in the British universities he blows his educational fund at Hong Kong in a grand debauch. He must return home in disgrace when his money is gone. Tijen's life illustrates the point which Mr. Fu frequently reiterates, namely that "the highest type of character is of course that which contains a grain of eccentricity or freedom of spirit but manages to come back to normal balance. What you need is somebody to hold you back." Tijen had an eccentricity but he had no one to hold him back during his formative years.

The tragedy of pure paganism and also the harsh cruelty in the Chinese conception of the family is aptly illustrated in the story of Silverscreen whose son is forcibly taken from her because his father, Tijen, is the future head of the Yao family. Unable to find comfort anywhere Silverscreen commits suicide. Although Tijen mourns her death with an appropriate gesture, he quickly forgets Silverscreen and the ruthlessness of the Chinese family attitude. No one else is deeply moved by Silverscreen's unhappy ending.

ONE conclusion the reviewer reached fairly quickly before he was deeply immersed in this interesting novel was that here was a quick, painless, and charming way to learn how China lived before the current holocaust, how it always will live, and how China earned the term "civilized" centuries before European traders decided to make China kerosene and cinema conscious. Lin Yutang expresses the intelligent pagan's horror over Hollywood's conception of morality. "As far as immorality is concerned, there was much of it in the Chinese opera as in the modern film. All the women in the house occasionally used to go and 'hear' the opera, but then it was the accepted custom. A modern film was different; for it showed women, naked, or practically naked, as far as the audience could see, and it showed kissing which was never permitted on the Chinese stage, and it showed a form of rotating hugging between men and women that went by the name of 'dancing.' " Mr. Tseng was horrified when he discovered that his married daughters had attended a movie theater. He was somewhat mollified when they told them that they were attended by their husbands and that they saw a Charlie Chaplin comedy.

*Moment in Peking* is an able exposition of the eternal debate between Christianity and paganism. The careful reader will quickly discover paganism's faults. At the same time he will also note that many practises carried on in the name of Christianity are more pagan than any the pagans have devised in centuries past. The novel illustrates once more how ably the Chinese have learned that most difficult of all arts, the art of living.

*Due to lack of space a number of important reviews had to be postponed.*

# THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS

BY THE EDITORS

*A brief glance at recent books—*

### *TOMMY GALLAGHER'S CRUSADE*

By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press, New York. 1939. 91 pages. $1.00.

IN THIS skillfully written story, the author deals a telling blow at those who give gladly and generously of their time, their fists, and especially of their vocal equipment, in a determined effort to spread anti-Semitism in our land. Tommy Gallagher, an ardent convert to the cause proclaimed in dulcet tones and with unctuous enthusiasm by an oratorically inclined priest of wide renown, sells *Christian Justice* at ten cents a copy wherever he thinks business will be good, pickets a radio station which has refused to sell the father time on the air, and quarrels persistently and violently with the members of his soberminded family who do not hesitate to urge him to look for an honest-to-goodness job. Opposition, black eyes, lack of money, and other disappointments fill our crusading Tommy with self-pity. Like all fanatics, he looks forward to the time when he and his kind will be in the saddle. Then he will have bitter vengeance. "Look at Hitler in Germany!" he says to himself. "Hitler had known days like this, too!"

### *EIGHTEEN CHORALE IMPROVISATIONS FOR THE ORGAN ON ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS HYMNS*

By Martin H. Schumacher. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis. 1939. $1.50.

Organists will do well to give careful consideration to these well-written compositions. The varied treatment of the beautiful melodies is based on good taste and praiseworthy musicianship.

### *PENG FU FROM JUNAN*

By Andrew Burgess. Augsburg Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota. 128 pages. Price 50c.

The Rev. Peng Fu is the president of the Lutheran Church in China. This book tells the story of his conversion, training, and development until he attained his position of prominence and leadership. The story

is well-told against a background of Chinese idolatry, ancestor-worship, superstitions, prejudices, and persecution of Christian missionaries, particularly during the Boxer uprising of forty years ago. The illustrations are mostly reproductions of photographs and are numerous and excellent.

## *THE MARCH OF FAITH*

By Inez Steen. Illustrated by John Ellingboe. Augsburg Publishing Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota. 216 pages. Price 40c.

We have here, in story form, the history of the Christian Church, told for the youthful reader, with special reference to the Lutheran Church in our country; followed by the practical application of the faith in the life of the individual, showing the obligations of Christian stewardship. The entire makeup of the book, including colored borders on the pages, maps, pictures, many of them in color, constitutes an excellent example of the bookmaker's art, and together with the well-written text should prove to be very attractive for the reader.

## *LIVE AND KICKING NED*

By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co., New York. 224 pages. $2.50.

England's poet laureate in this novel gives us a sequel to his former story, *Dead Ned.* Ned, a doctor, was convicted for a murder of which he was guiltless, and hanged. His medical friends succeeded in getting his body soon afterwards and restored him to life. He could not remain in England, where he would immediately be recognized. So he leaves on the slave-ship, *Albicore,* as surgeon, bound for the Slave Coast of Africa, and barely escapes being apprehended by the government thief-takers. Thus "live and kicking Ned" begins a new series of adventures, during which he is constantly haunted by the fear of capture. He has had one hanging and does not relish the thought of a retake.

He finds himself in strange company. The ship's half-crazed captain, Paul Ashplant, is also wanted for murder; the chief officer, Pegg, is a brute who delights in torturing the helpless underlings; the second mate, Tulp, drowns his melancholy fatalism in drink; the hero himself soon discovers that it is the intention of at least two of his avaricious officers to sell him as a slave at a high price as soon as a suitable port in the West Indies is reached. He manages to escape on the Coast of Dead Ned and travels inland until he reaches a curious colony of white men, whose antecedents reach back to Roman times. These whites are being attacked and besieged by the blacks. Ned's offer to help the whites is first rejected, but in the end he succeeds in saving their city. He goes back to England as envoy of this white nation. There he ultimately manages to remove the criminal stigma resting on him and to regain his fortune. It is a good story. The picture of the African slave-trade and life at sea in olden times is grim and at times horrible; but it makes fascinating reading for

those who like adventure stories that are well-written.

## *CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY*

By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York. 314 pages. $2.50.

This new novel by the author of *Human Bondage,* as the publisher's blurb puts it, is on some of the best seller lists at this writing. Well, there is no accounting for tastes, whether in food, clothes, or books! This is really a sordid tale, and the title hardly suits the actual story inside the cover, for the story of the young Englishman, Charley Mason, who goes to Paris for his Christmas Holiday, is only the frame of the story to which his friend Simon Fenimore introduces him when he takes Charley to the "Princess Olga," whose husband is serving a prison sentence for murder. What Charley Mason experiences through his acquaintance with the "princess" brings him face to face with a very seamy side of life and leaves him, at the end of his holiday, shocked and disillusioned. "The bottom had fallen out of his world."

If it is Mr. Maugham's intention, by means of this novel, to present to the average reader a vivid picture of a submerged segment of modern society that will undermine our present social order until some day it falls into ruin: may we say, with all due respect for his craftsmanship, that he overplays his hand. If, on the other hand, he intends to show through Charley Mason and his family how smug and hypocritically self-satisfied a certain stratum of English society is, and believes that such folks must be shocked out of their complacency: may we depose that it takes more than an experience like Charley Mason's to bring about a true reformation of such a group. Like so many of our modern writers, who leave God and true Christianity out of their reckoning, he may recognize the disease, but he is far from the real cure.

## *THE SEA TOWER*

By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran, New York. 307 pages. $2.50.

Mrs. Elizabeth Field has exercised absolute domination over her two sons from birth and succeeded in making them subservient to her every whim. She rules with an iron hand as mistress of the Sea Tower. Her husband, her sons, and the servants fear, sometimes hate, but always obey, her wishes and commands. Her son Joe goes off to the city to study, and after a brief courtship marries meek and lovely Christina. Walpole's description of the conflicts which ensue when Christina, young, beautiful, and admired by everyone, is brought home to live with Joe's mother, is realistically and superbly done. If you enjoy "studies of strange and violent human relationships, warm and beautifully rounded in their writing, but filled with tension and a profound knowledge of the psychology of minds warped by the singleness of an idea," you will not only enjoy this novel, but probably finish it in one sitting. Once you see the hatred

of Mrs. Field for Christina grow and deepen and spread you know that eventually her mind itself will be affected by her struggle for power, but you will probably take the time, nevertheless, to read through the details of destruction, for there is both beauty and power in Walpole's masterful use of words. As in all of this author's novels, there is somethings here which makes you shudder and think. *The Sea Tower* is not one of Hugh Walpole's best novels, but you will hardly stop reading it, once you've begun.

W. F. WEIHERMAN

## *ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS*

By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, Four Volumes. $20.00.

This is merely an announcement and not a review. The outstanding literary news of the past month has been the publication of Carl Sandburg's long awaited biography of the Great Emancipator. It runs to four volumes, approximately 1,750,000 words. It contains more words than the *Bible* or the complete works of Shakespeare. First reviewers have hailed it as the greatest biography in the history of American literature. THE CRESSET hopes to present a detailed and critical review in a forthcoming issue.

## *TREADING THE WINEPRESS*

Edited by Luther Schuessler. Eerdmans Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan. 120 pages. $1.00.

Although it is not the policy of THE CRESSET to review books of sermonic literature, the present volume will serve as an exception. Seven Chicago pastors under the leadership of the Rev. Luther Schuessler have cooperated in producing a first-rate volume of Lenten sermons based on a few of the great Passion hymns of the Church. As we read these sermons we were again impressed by the consummate ease with which the English language lends itself to eloquent preaching. These sermons are directly in the great tradition of the Christian pulpit. The volume is dedicated to the Rev. G. Schuessler, for approximately four decades one of the most widely known preachers in the city of Chicago. It is a worthy tribute to a worthy life.



## *The Public and Opinions*

"The public buys its opinions as it buys its meat, or takes in its milk, on the principle that it is cheaper to do this than to keep a cow. So it is, but the milk is more likely to be watered."

SAMUEL BUTLER

# The DECEMBER Magazines

*Each month* THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.*

## Forum

### Washington: a National Disgrace

*By* MERLO J. PUSEY

Our national capital "is the most frustrated city of its size in the narrowing realm of free government." It makes a good impression on visitors, with its parks, monuments, stately buildings, fine residence areas, and mediocre statuary. It is built for show. "But behind all this window dressing is a community where men and women struggle for a livelihood—a community that is plagued by hidden alley slums, by crime and disease and unemployment with which it is frequently unable to cope." Its health service is third-rate: as a result it has been having 15 deaths per thousand as against 12.9 for 17 cities of similar size, and there is twice as much venereal disease as in other comparable municipalities. Its record of crime is such that Attorney General Cummings has characterized it as "standing forth conspicuously as a crime center." One of the main reasons for these unenviable distinctions of the nation's capital arises from the fact that Washington has no self-government but is governed by Congress through 150 intermeddling agencies and committees, whose chaotic efforts bring about a system of administration that is "unbelievably complex, confused, illogical, and cumbersome."

### Youth Examines the War Whoop

*By* A. FLEMING MACLIESH

The writer is a young man of military age with a wife and child. He would volunteer for service if America were attacked, but he feels that only blind emotion could stampede us into participation in this war. Reason and intelligence should keep us out. He is disillusioned about the last war, for he has learned something "about English as well as German chicanery and propaganda, about secret treaties and the ways of

diplomacy." "We fought a war and got war debts and post-war debts—all repudiated. We fought for a slogan that was betrayed by those who invented it. . . . After it all, the British and French, our fellow crusaders, while busily hamstringing the German Republic (that government of the German people whom they did not hate) turned on us, a sister democracy, and seemed to hate us as never before. We became 'Uncle Shylock.'" "They have started to fight over Poland, not because Poland was a democracy—which she wasn't—but because Hitler's growing power and the proof that he meant to continue his offensives threatened their empires." Then, he urges, "if we have to go to war for democracy, let us make certain it is first for the democracy of the United States of America and not for the British and French empires masquerading under a slogan. There is nothing in the past or present to indicate that this war is much of anything else."

# The Atlantic Monthly

## The Man Who Gave Us Christmas

*By* WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Winifred Kirkland writes a charming account of the man who was a Greek, a physician, and the writer of the most beautiful book in the world, the Gospel According to St. Luke. She is primarily interested in showing how carefully and artistically St. Luke recorded the miracle of Christmas. Unfortunately she leaves the impression that this Gospel was not inspired but was merely the product of diligent research on the part of the "beloved physician."

## Dickens, Carlyle, and Tennyson

*By* JAMES S. PIKE

We pass over a collection of articles on labor, the war, education in the United States, the Soviet policy, and turn to another era, when submarines and echelon flying were queer fancies. James S. Pike was a noted American journalist in the middle nineteenth century. Because of his services to the Whig and Republican parties, he was rewarded with the appointment as United States Minister to the Netherlands in 1861. He spent much of his time traveling about Europe. In the course of his travels he met the above three great Victorians. Mr. Pike gives a fascinating account of a Dickens recital at the Hanover Square Hall. He makes a minute record of several visits to Carlyle and has some dry observations on Tennyson which are illuminating.

### Jacob Epstein

*By* DAVID L. COHN

The December Atlantic Portrait is that of the sculptor whose works have been denounced in press, pulpit, and Parliament. Jacob Epstein has created three Christs in the past twenty years, and the three statues have aroused shrill protests. G. K. Chesterton called the second Christ "one of the greatest insults to religion I have ever seen." Others again maintain that Epstein has produced the greatest statues of Christ in the history of sculpture. The fact is that Jacob Epstein, an American-born Englishman, may be considered one of the great figures in the contemporary art world. You may disagree about his greatness, but before you pass your final verdict, read this able study of a man by a thoroughly qualified critic.

## Scribner's Commentator

With its November issue the former *Commentator* was combined with *Scribner's,* which had suspended publication last May and in August sold its rights and good will to the *Commentator.* The editor promises to continue the literary tradition of *Scribner's,* which has been part of American life for over half a century. If the November issue is a fair sample of what the reading public may expect from this new combination, the outlook is very promising. We shall take the space to notice a few of the articles in this issue.

### Those Heathen Chinese

*By* CARL CROW

The author, whose latest book on China has just been released by Harper's, spent many years among the Chinese and in this article interestingly discusses certain commonly held opinions on the character of the Chinese and shows convincingly that they are the result of superficial judgments made by foreigners who lived in China for a time but failed to study the people as carefully as should have been done before condemning them. He argues that gambling, drunkenness, wife-beating, and dishonesty are not the besetting sins of the Chinese as is often supposed. He cites the instance of a British company—to discount the charge of dishonesty—which began to develop the cigarette business in China. Not knowing what the public's response would be, the company allowed extensive credits to the dealers and set up a reserve for bad debts amounting to one per cent of the gross sales. After a decade of operations it was found that the actual loss from bad debts did

not amount to more than a tenth of one per cent on the total sales.

# Fortune

## War and Peace—An Editorial

Unless some new ideal is born, there is no prospect that the war in Europe will end in a true peace. The best the world can hope for is another armistice, for a year, ten years, or, like the last time, twenty-one years. The U.S. is confronted with three possible choices of action. It may (1) risk involvement by clinging to the old order of things, trading as much as it dares, and hoping for the best. This course is perilous. Or (2) it may choose total isolation, thereby raising stupendous problems for itself. Finally (3), it may take the leadership in formulating an entirely new order of peace to replace the one that has broken down. Leaving aside utopian dreams, three possible new orders present themselves: a) a kind of "regional imperialism," under which the major powers would agree to divide up the world into spheres of influence; b) an improved and reformed League of Nations; c) a federal union of as many nations as possible, resembling our own Union, in which the constituent states would give up to a central government only a limited portion of their powers, each continuing to govern its own area autonomously and retaining its nationality, language, traditions, native arts and customs, religious practices, and civil liberties. This last possibility seems to commend itself as the best, and the difficulties that would attend its realization should not be insuperable, in view of the fact that the fate of mankind is at stake. But whatever may turn out to be the most hopeful solution of the problem of a new order, it is for America now to give its best thought and effort to the discovery and the advocacy of that solution. The war that is being fought in Europe will not of itself give birth to a new order of affairs, in which alone there is hope for the future. "That is exactly why the U.S. must on no account enter the war. We could not in all conscience send soldiers over there to fight for *nothing*."

## Fortune Survey

American sentiment in November has shifted decidedly in the direction of neutrality, as compared with the attitude in September. Choices were offered and percentages registered for them as follows (September-November):— Enter war at once on side of Allies: 3.3, 2.5; go in if Allies are losing: 13.5, 14.7; stay out, but favor Allies: 19.9, 8.9; take no sides and sell only cash-and-carry:

29.3, 37.5; have nothing to do with warring countries, not even cash-and-carry trade: 24.7, 29.9.— On the question of repealing the Johnson Act and lending money to the Allies, the vote was: yes, 11.5; yes, if Allies were losing, 12.3; no. 68.1; don't know, 8.1.— That the war has greatly increased Roosevelt's chances for another term is shown by the following comparison of votes (September-November): — Keep Roosevelt: 34.9, 47.4; elect someone else: 53.3, 38.6; don't know: 11.8, 14.0. This result, however, must be qualified by the fact that Roosevelt has uselessly overwhelming majorities in the Southeast and Southwest and a small majority in the Mountain States (regions which, in the aggregate, have not enough votes to elect), while the rest of the country, by a small margin, wants a new president.

# Harper's

## America's Greatest Need To-day

*By* GUY GREER

To resolve the shameful paradox of want in the midst of plenty and at the same time to demonstrate that democracy is safe for the world is the necessity which America faces. The author discusses the need of governmental assistance in solving our economic problems and specifies the conditions under which this assistance is to be given. He proposes the establishment of a Department of Investments within the Cabinet. He believes, for example, that the government can aid the reorganization and rehabilitation of railroads and public utilities without the loss of personal liberty. The failure to solve our complicated economic problems can be as disastrous for us as it has been for other great nations "probably no less competent though less well endowed with material resources than we are." The author does not claim that his proposals are the panacea for all our economic ills, but his article does disclose the nature of these ills and does make an attempt to solve some of them.

## Since Yesterday

*By* FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

This is the second in a series of articles by the associate editor of *Harper's* on the social climate of the Nineteen-thirties. It discusses sport, gambling, religion, and social salvation. Undoubtedly the most far-reaching observation is the statement regarding religion during the Depression years— "The long slow retreat of the churches into less and less significance in the life of the country, and even in the lives of the majority of their members, con-

tinued almost unabated." In making this assertion the author is not unmindful of the growth in membership reported by the Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, and Baptist churches. Of almost equally important implications is the quotation from the Lynds' *Middletown in Transition*—"The Depression has brought a resurgence of earnest religious fundamentalism among the weak working-class sects . . . but the uptown churches have seen little similar revival of interest." The article in general is very much worthwhile.

## Communism Liquidates Itself

*By* NATHANIEL PEFFER

The evils of the German-Russian pact of this fall have been so loudly heralded that it is encouraging to read an analysis of its possible benefits to the world. Jacques Maritain, the French and Catholic philosopher, in an open letter to his American friends recently argued that this pact had probably saved the Western world by eliminating from within it the destructive strife between communism and fascism and by uniting Western civilization against both of these enemies. Nathaniel Peffer, moreover, sees in this pact the liquidation of the international communist party with the beneficial result that we can now set ourselves to the task of solving our economic problems without the possibility of having the efforts to improve social and economic conditions maligned and thwarted by the cry of "communism." "The international communist party has committed suicide. Nothing in its life became it as the leaving of it. By its leaving the world has been advantaged."

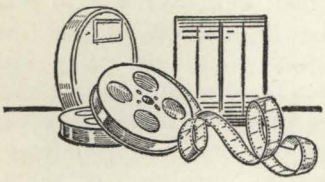
## *Christmas Eve*

Dear Christ, let every heart tonight
  Heed Thy calling voice.
Let every man give praise and thanks!
  Let the earth rejoice.

Let brighter burn, the smoking flax,
  Bind each bruiséd reed;
O, give us peace, this Christmas night!
  Peace for every need.

ELDA LOUISE WOLLAEGER

# THE MOTION PICTURE



THE CRESSET *examines samples of Hollywood offerings.*

### *DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (20th Century-Fox)*

This movie ought to counteract some of the propaganda about the noble Englishman fighting for civilization. Here, believe it or not, the Britisher is subsidizing the Indians to attack the peaceful settlers in the Mohawk Valley in pre-Revolutionary days. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda have a tough time trying to be peaceful citizens. Edna May Oliver runs away with the picture by getting mad, in a typical feminine fashion, at the Redskins. There are many bloodthirsty and unnecessarily cruel scenes. The movie is to be shunned by children. Some day we'll write a study on the increasing sadism in many of Hollywood's pictures.

### *JAMAICA INN (Paramount)*

Charles Laughton huffs and puffs his way through Daphne du Maurier's story about the English inn-owner who got a huge delight (and profits) out of sinking ships. Laughton does a thorough job as a despicable, low-down villain. Alfred Hitchcock, the noted British director, directed the movie. Not a family picture.

### *THE ROARING TWENTIES (Warner Bros.)*

Possibly the first of a cycle of movies on that unfortunate decade when gangsters, flag-pole sitters, and the Stock Exchange were the national heroes. James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart go through the story of a young hoodlum on the make. Cagney does a lot of mugging, and Bogart has done the same scenes in half a dozen other movies. Poor stuff.

### *FIRST LOVE (Universal)*

It had to happen. We didn't care, but the rest of the country seemed to be tremendously excited. Deanna Durbin is kissed for the first time. It's the old story of Cinderella getting her man, and

the meanies in the rich family can't do anything about it. The Grimm brothers did a better job on Cinderella.

### *HENRY GOES TO ARIZONA (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

An ordinary Wild Western featuring Frank Morgan. Not so very wooly and not so very funny.

Just another one we patiently sat through.

### *THE SECRET OF DR. KILDARE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

This is of the Dr. Kildare series. There seems current in Hollywood a certain mania for sequel pictures. Series this and series that —usually following an unexpected box office success which might profit by further exploitation. All too often these follow-up pictures are sadly lacking in what it took to put the "success" over. Comes the exception—and rings the bell!

You will particularly enjoy Lionel Barrymore as the grand old Dr. Gillespie, the heart of whom doesn't fit anyone's pocket and is ever so carefully hidden beneath a gruff exterior which fools no one.

This, in our estimation, is a part written especially for Mr. Barrymore. A heart-warming devotion between the old doctor and his young assistant, Dr. Kildare, provide the thread of the story, which is woven into a pattern of humor, pathos, and a few moral lessons showing here and there.

Splendid light entertainment of a higher than average type.

### *BEWARE SPOOKS (Columbia)*

Geographically speaking, Joe E. Brown's mouth covers a wide expanse of territory, especially when it is open. We know, of course, that the mere possession of an orifice as huge as his does not, in itself, make for good acting; but, when what one would ordinarily be inclined to look upon as an affliction is opened and closed with competent guidance, in cleverly contrived situations, and in an uproariously funny story, the net result is a tonic for frayed nerves. Seasoned critics will not give the picture a high rating. Why should we care, when we are looking for nothing more than relaxation?

### *RULERS OF THE SEA (Paramount)*

The story has historical interest, the flavor of Scotland, and the tang of the salt sea. It deals with the courage, the hardships, the disappointments, the perseverance, and the eventual triumph of men who had the vision to see that ships propelled by steam were bound to supplant sailing vessels as carriers of passengers and freight across the Atlantic. Will Fyffe does a noteworthy character portrayal of a forward-

looking Scotsman who devises and builds a dependable engine; and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. puts fine skill into his enactment of the role of a courageous young seaman who believes wholeheartedly in the inevitable supremacy of steam. But we dare not overlook the excellent acting of George Bancroft, who is cast as a gruff and conservative old sea captain filled with contempt for what he calls the teakettle business and clinging staunchly to the ways of the past.

### *NICK CARTER, DETECTIVE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

Far removed were the days of our youth from dime stores or such places where one might likely have contacted the famous Nick Carter dime novel series. Although handicapped in deducing a proper sort of comparison, the movie version nevertheless served as a momentary glimpse into this type of thriller series.

It's a nice little yarn, starting out with a bang (bang-bang) and ending likewise. And it does add to a certain sense of well-being to be able to pick your suspect and sit back and follow his dastardly career to the bitter end where justice triumphs.

Points of interest: The assembly plant of an aeroplane factory. Power ascents and dives. Walter Pidgeon as detective. A bee-man, whose hobby is criminology, is thrown in to relieve the tension. He does that very nicely.

### *NINOTCHKA (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*

Here the thoughts, the ways, the ambitions, and the clumsiness of Soviet Russia are contrasted in a striking manner with life as it is lived and felt in countries that have not been bitten by the ugly bug of Communism. In fact, *Ninotchka* hits Sovietism with murderous barbs. It exposes the curious system to ridicule. We laugh not so much because we see the famed Garbo laugh, but chiefly because we become convinced of the utter absurdity of the U.S.S.R. and its strange principles of government. The picture is not entirely free from tawdry elements. Some unnecessarily low and vulgar spots.

### *THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG (RKO)*
### *THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (United Artists)*
### *THE ROAD BACK (Universal)*

Some day we shall write an essay on the melancholy art of reviewing movies. Here are three movies, one of them several years old but recently dusted off because of the current mess is Europe, two the sort which cause a long-suffering reviewer to leave the movie house eyes popping, muttering threats of mayhem.

Kay Kyser is in one of the above titles. It doesn't matter. In one of the other movies there is a city room scene which has several variants on Hollywood's idea of a city room. Fundamentally, none of these movies is worth your two bits. We can think of a better way to spend the money. In Minneapolis you can get a swell dish of chow mein for your quarter; in Chicago, two bits lets you into the planetarium; in Fargo a ham and cheese on rye plus a foaming beaker is offered in exchange for twenty-five cents.



## *Night Sounds*

'Tis night. There is a sound and I awake.
A soft beamed flashlight in my hand I take
And quietly move to the children's beds,
Pull up their covers, touch their tousled heads,
And with a silent prayer sink back to sleep.
But hark! What is that throbbing sound so deep
That greets my ears? (Returning sleep is slow.)
Oh yes, it is the night plane flying low.
I close my eyes, yet sleep's reluctant feet
Come not again, for lo, my thoughts are fleet
And far across the sea have carried me,
And other mothers there I seem to see
Who tremble when they hear a plane at night,
And hold their children close in shuddering fright.
I hear my sleeping husband turn and stir,
And back my flying fancies go to her,
Sad eyed, fear ridden, her young husband gone,
Or if he does come back in some new dawn,
Will she and her sweet children welcome him—
(And as I think of them my eyes are dim)—
Or some night will the planes come zooming down,
Leave not a cottage in the little town?
Oh God, have mercy on them! And dear Lord,
Thy saving grace to us, too, now afford;
Touch all our hearts with faith's humility,
And guard our land from such calamity.

DORIS R. KRUDOP

# LETTERS to the EDITOR

## War and Warm Feet

SIR:

I've recently been cold-bloodedly analyzing my feeling of deep sympathy with Great Britain's cause, and I believe I've found one of the factors, a major factor.

It happened in Wales, in the quaint old town of Llangollen on the banks of the River Fee. And it was on my birthday, too, if I remember correctly. I had had a long day coming from London, with a stop-over in Stratford to see a matinee performance of "Othello," and it was a raw, cold midnight when I stepped out of the bus at Llangollen and crossed the old bridge to the Royal Hotel, where I had reserved a room. After I was shown up to a pleasant enough room I threw everything down as was, and my cold hands started fumbling with recalcitrant buttons in my haste to get undressed and under the promising covers. I was prepared stoically for the initial shock of cold sheets and resigned to the usual half hour necessary to generate enough heat at the foot of the bed to go to sleep comfortably. With such a setting and mental preparation, try to imagine the reaction as I stretched my feet inexorably the full length to the end of the bed (I was long ago converted to that school of thought) and there encountered exquisite warmth—the slowly dawning realization forced upon doubting consciousness by definite and unmistakable signals from the afferent receptors in the feet that someone had placed between the sheets at the foot of the bed a very mundane but efficacious hot water bottle. Never before or since have I been quite so filled with the milk of human kindness, and I fell asleep a short while later in the midst of asking God to bless just about everybody I knew, but especially the unknown Dorcas and her chain-hotel employers who, in defiance of this industrialized, mechanistic, collectivized civilization, still clung doggedly to a philosophy of life that recognized the supremely human value of having deliciously warm feet on going to sleep. It seems to me that's just about worth fighting for against the philosophy of regimented totalitarianism.

M. H. GRUMM
Saint Louis, Missouri

## A Good Man

SIR:

Many of those who do not read the New York City dailies have doubtless yet to be informed of the death of Dr. Helmuth Carl Engelbrecht, one of America's foremost soldiers in the cause of peace.

Born in 1895, Dr. Engelbrecht was

a graduate of Concordia Seminary in St. Louis. For several years he taught history at Concordia Collegiate Institute in Bronxville, New York. Subsequently he received his doctor's degree from Columbia University and published a volume on the philosophy of Fichte. For many years he was an associate editor of *The World Tomorrow.*

Dr. Engelbrecht was a tireless fighter for peace. His *Merchants of Death,* written in collaboration with F. C. Hanighen, was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1934 and brought him into nationwide prominence. Another work concerning the munitions industry, entitled *One Hell of a Business,* followed shortly afterward. Dr. Engelbrecht's latest book, reviewed in the columns of this magazine (March, 1938), was *Revolt Against War.*

It was, fittingly, while en route to Washington during the debate on the arms embargo, that Dr. Engelbrecht died very suddenly of a heart attack. He would, had he been a proud man, have considered this death far more glorious than any death on a more literal field of battle. But "Jim"—as his friends called him—was self-effacing to a rare degree; for him the cause was all, the individual merely a humble instrument.

His cause will find it hard to replace him, for his influence was incalculable and quite definitely felt even on the floor of the United States Senate. No one, of course, will ever know precisely how much his *Merchants of Death* helped to bring about the chastened determination of the American people not to meddle with foreign wars again. For himself he would not have cared, just so there was peace.

To that end his life was yielded up at the early age of forty-five. No one who knew him will ever forget his gentle, kindly ways or his engaging smile.

ELDOR PAUL SHULLS
Albany, New York

## As Lincoln Would Say It

SIR:

Two decades and two years ago the powers that were ordained that we should become involved in a great European conflict, conceived in hatred and dedicated to the proposition of proving whether the aircraft of the British or the submarines of the Germans were more effective in prematurely blasting the flower of youth into Eternity.

Now they urge us to join in the aftermath of that great struggle, testing whether we still have a childlike faith in our ability to make the world safe for Democracy. We are thought to be naïve enough to become suckers a second time. We are flattered and cajoled into believing that we and we alone can bring peace to a world seething with hatred. It is only natural that Europe should do this.

But, no matter how we look at it, we cannot stop this war, we cannot bring peace, we cannot soothe power-mad dictators. The brave soldier boys who went across in the last war are only too glad to bear witness that it can't be done. The world forgets all too quickly to give thanks for our assistance. It is for us to keep our senses, to condemn their diabolical

conflict; to have no part in it. It is rather for us to dedicate ourselves to the seemingly hopeless task of extricating ourselves from our own economic muddle—that from our jobless millions we take increased devotion to the task of providing work for them in which they can take pride—that we here highly resolve that, come what may, we will make no more gold-star mothers while the memories of the 1914 debacle are still a painful heartache, that we have learned our lesson, and that love, peace, and prosperity remain intact for our children's children.

ERWIN T. STEFFEN
Plankinton, South Dakota

## Letter and Spirit

SIR:

In the article entitled "Stop-signs and Pheasants," in the November issue, the contributor states that "the true and impregnable ramparts of human order under law lie in the secondary defense of enlightened spiritual obedience rather than in the forward wall of the legal code." If I understand him correctly, his theme might be paraphrased thus: True Christian citizenship consists in doing more than is required of us by the law of the land. Perhaps no one could take issue with this.

But why does your contributor use as illustration two instances of *disobedience* to the "letter of the law"? There is always the danger that specific illustrations will be considered as examples of a general rule. It would seem that the parable of the Good Samaritan would here be more apt. One certainly cannot subscribe to the thesis that the "spirit of the law" can, as a *general rule,* be better observed by disobedience to its letter. And yet, do we not often explain away our failure to abide by the "letter of the law" by telling ourselves that the "letter of the law" was intended only for those who are less highly endowed by their Creator than we are?

That circumstances may exist *at times* when the "spirit of the law" (used in the sense of true purpose) can be better served by disobedience to the letter, one cannot gainsay. But here I should like to take issue with the contributor's statement that the "legal code" does not also recognize this. There are numerous situations in which the criminal law (which, by the way, is only a small part of the whole of law) recognizes certain circumstances under which one may commit with impunity what would otherwise be an indictable offense; e.g., in self-defense. The same principle is recognized by the civil law, in many instances, as it was in the case of Long *v.* Steffen, the report of which may be found in 194 Wisconsin 179 or 215 Northwestern 892. Here it was held that a driver, who was parking on a highway contrary to a statute, was not guilty of the legal wrong of negligence, because of the special circumstances of changing a tire. But I should like to emphasize again that these are *exceptional circumstances;* and, is this not also recognized by principles of "spiritual obedience"?

Your contributor also states that "in their official capacity, those who

are charged with law enforcement are not in a position to create and foster normally sound respect for the law." If he merely means to say that "civil government is an inadequate instrumentality" to achieve spiritual obedience, we all would no doubt agree. But when he says that judges are "more than harmful when they volunteer as judicial preceptors of the moral code," one wonders whether he has, for example, ever accompanied the parties to a divorce action into the judge's chamber and heard the judge attempt to effect a reconciliation, even though the statutory grounds for divorce were proven; or has been present when a judge was attempting to work out a plan for the reforming and uplifting of some juvenile offender. Much, of course, depends on the character of the judge, and one cannot generalize either way. It would seem, however, that as those who represent themselves as Christians, we should encourage, rather than attempt to thwart, such efforts. I sincerely believe that no one group in society has a "corner" on all the principles of the moral code.

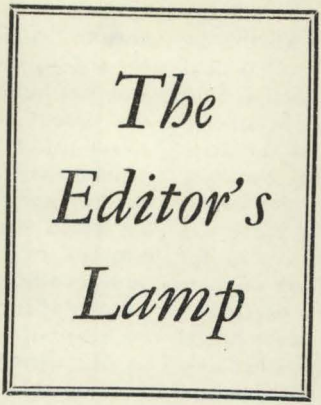
In passing, may I question the conclusion of the contributor, that the Federal game laws prohibit use of rifles in hunting game birds. If he has reference to Regulation 3, issued by the Department of Agriculture in 1937, he will note that it has reference to "*migratory* game birds" only, for the obvious reason that the control over hunting other game lies with the states. Also, if he would refer to the title of the regulation, the contents thereof, and the act under which it (the regulation) was issued, I think he would conclude that the purpose was not to save human life, but to prevent wholesale destruction of such "wards of the government." If this is so, then, of course, the spirit, as well as the letter, of the law requires obedience by the farmer even on his own land.

MARSHALL J. JOX
Valparaiso, Indiana



*Due to lack of space many letters from our readers had to be held over for future issues.*

# Contributors—Problems—Final Notes




AMONG younger American scholars few speak with greater authority than the author of our major article this month, Prof. Sverre Norborg of the University of Minnesota (The American Student). Born at Oslo, Norway, Prof. Norborg studied at Berlin, Leipzig, and Oxford. He earned his doctorate in Philosophy at Oslo University in 1935. At present he is associate professor of Philosophy at the University of Minnesota. He has been Secretary General of the World Sunday School Convention, winner of the King's Gold Medal in Theology, and the holder of various scholarships in Philosophy. He is the author of twenty-two books which have had a total sale of more than one hundred thousand copies. We are certain that our readers will be very much interested in Prof. Norborg's brilliant observations on the profound changes in the attitudes of American students.

Our guest reviewers this month are Harriet Schwenk (*Land Below the Wind*), graduate student at Washington University, St. Louis and teacher in the St. Louis high schools, and P. E. Kretzmann, Ph.D., D.D., Ed.D. (*The Nazarene*). We should like to call attention especially to the review of *The Nazarene*. The rapidly growing interest in the novel persuaded us that the preliminary note in the December issue of THE CRESSET was insufficient. We therefore asked Dr. Kretzmann to prepare a more exhaustive review.

The next few issues of THE CRESSET will present an unusual series of articles from writers who have not yet appeared in our pages. Next month we hope to offer an examination of the Baltic states by an American historian who is intimately acquainted with the countries, now living in the shadow of "the bear who walks like a man."

# FORTHCOMING ISSUES

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

THE BALTIC STATES

THE MOTION PICTURE

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA ..... *Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins*

THE ENDING OF HEREDITARY AMERICAN FORTUNES ..... *Gustavus Myers*

AMERICA'S HOUSE OF LORDS ..... *Harold L. Ickes*

A SMATTERING OF IGNORANCE ..... *Oscar Levant*

TESTAMENT OF FRIENDSHIP ..... *Vera Brittain*

THE LIFE OF GREECE ..... *Will Durant*

AMERICA AT THE MOVIES ..... *Margaret Thorp*

IDAHO LORE ..... *Vardis Fisher*

WHENCE? WHITHER? WHY? ..... *Augusta Gaskell*

CHRISTIANITY AND MORALS ..... *Edward Westermarck*

THE LAST FLOWER ..... *James Thurber*

ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS ..... *Nicholas Murray Butler*

THE CRUISE OF THE RAIDER WOLF ..... *Roy Alexander*

FLOWERING EARTH ..... *Donald Culross Peattie*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